

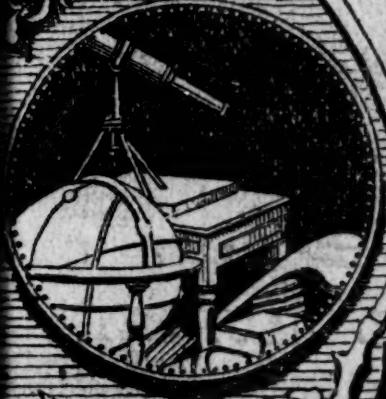
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SIXPENCE

JANUARY.



# THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE



1867

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JANUARY 1, 1867.

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THE  
Sixpenny Magazine.

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HOW I ROSE IN THE WORLD.

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CHAPTER XX.

A SHORT CHAPTER PREPARATORY  
TO A LONG ONE.

I WAS now in prison and awaiting my trial, which was to take place, as I had been informed, in about six weeks from the date of my committal.

The Crown had evidently considered the case one of great importance, and the Attorney and Solicitor Generals were instructed to prosecute. Evidence in every presentable shape and form was being hunted up, and my antecedents fully and freely inquired into. No stone was left unturned to get up a "case;" the police were indefatigable (would that the police of 1866 were equally so) in their exertions, and not a single link seemed wanting to complete the chain of evidence.

Nor were my friends idle. Stephen, poor fellow, worked day and night, seldom lying down even for an hour, and never undressing during the time that intervened between my committal and trial.

He had secured the services of three of the most eminent men at the bar, upon whose ability and judgment he could depend, and one of whom at this moment, and I am thankful to say it, adorns the Bench.

VOL. XIV.

By a strange, though not very happy coincidence, Mr Knox Budgett was our attorney, and to my mind he looked uglier and more unprepossessing than ever. He had now become a grey, withered old man; crabbed, bent, and feeble; with an unsteady, and, as I thought, slightly palsied step. In all other respects, however, he was the Mr. Knox Budgett of fifteen years before. I found his mind young, fresh, and vigorous (how very unlike his body!), and he remembered perfectly the unfortunate action against the Insurance Company.

On reviewing my own case, he frankly owned that circumstances were against us, and that strong *circumstantial* evidence was all that was necessary to convict any man of an alleged crime, no matter how great its magnitude. All, however, that skill and ability could do would be done, and if that skill and ability could only create a doubt in the minds of the jury, then acquittal would be certain.

This was not very consoling, it must be confessed. Mr. Budgett looked at the matter in a hard, legal sort of way; received the evidence given at the inquest in quite a professional manner, examining the strong as well as the weak side; collecting, like a good general, his own scattered forces, and arranging





them in the best possible manner to receive the enemy's attack, and, if an opportunity presented itself, dealing him a death-blow.

During all our conversations—and we had five or six of them—Mr. Budgett never once alluded to the question of my guilt or innocence, that he utterly and entirely ignored; I might have been the most innocent or guilty man alive, for all he knew or cared. To know or care was not his business; to cause a witness to break down in his evidence, and so procure an acquittal, was. He was paid to do a certain thing, and that certain thing he would endeavour to do, even though it were as plain as the sunlight of heaven that I had murdered fifty Edward Loaders instead of one.

Mr. Rogers visited me as often as he could, and so, indeed, did Mr. Snaggs, from whom I received more kindness and sympathy than I gave him credit for possessing. Jackson called once, and was so shocked at my altered appearance that I did not see him again. I was not sorry for this either, for whilst he was with me he was more like a maniac than a rational being, talking at random, laughing out of place, and making the most horrible and grotesque grimaces imaginable.

I saw Mr. Roberts and Dorricks twice, and whilst both expressed their strong belief in my innocence, recommended me to get the very best legal assistance, and to prepare to meet, in a satisfactory manner, the evidence that would be brought against me. This was followed by the offer of pecuniary assistance, which, however, I declined.

Mr. Roberts was kind, it is true, but not quite so cordial as I had expected. In offering assistance, he appeared to act rather from a sense of duty than from any other feelings. I was perplexed and distressed, and I thought of the evening of Loader's murder, and his sudden change of manner and intentions; and then with such thoughts came others, and Eveleen,

the daughter of the one man, and the betrothed of the other, again filled my soul.

In the darkness of my felon cell I laid my head against its felon walls, and wept till I feared my heart would break. The old wound had burst forth anew, and again I seemed ready to "curse God and die."

Stephen and Mrs. O'Leary were permitted to visit me every day, and I need not say how much of hope and consolation they brought with them. Graham, too, was often with me, and always spoke hopefully and cheerfully.

The day before that appointed for my trial at length came. Stephen had been with me from an early hour, and talking over all that had been done, and the day was fast drawing to a close, when, in obedience to a signal from one of the officers of the prison, he rose to depart.

Hardly, however, had the door closed behind him, and the noise of the bolts died away, when the man again appeared.

"More visitors!" said he, gruffly; "time's up, so anything that's to be said must be said quickly, and in my presence."

Two figures, cloaked and hooded, darkened the doorway. I advanced slightly to meet them, as the man drew back a pace or two, and the light from his lamp, flashing out for a moment, rested on the pale faces of Mrs. and Eveleen Roberts.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### MY TRIAL AND CONVICTION.

At half-past ten on the morning of Thursday, the 20th of June, I was conducted into the "dock," guarded by a turnkey on either side. I looked around the court, and saw that every eye was fixed upon me—some in pity, some in sorrow, but the vast majority in mere senseless, vacant, idle curiosity.

At eleven o'clock, the judges, two in number, took their seats upon the bench; and the jury having been sworn with all the



usual formalities, I was asked how I pleaded to the charge of murdering Edward Loader.

My answer was briefly, "Not guilty."

A hand grasped mine, and I saw that Stephen was standing as close to me as the rules of the court admitted. And there he remained the entire day, and was the principal channel of communication between Mr. Knox Budgett and myself.

The Attorney-General then rose to state the case for the Crown, which he did in a three hours' speech of great ability and moderation.

"My lords and gentlemen," said he, rising with much gravity in the midst of a crowded and now hushed court—"My lords, and gentlemen of the jury: I rise with feelings of sincere pain and sorrow, to perform one of the most solemn and awful duties that ever yet devolved upon a human being—the prosecution, it may be to conviction, and, if so, assuredly to death, of a fellow-man. A terrible responsibility, therefore, rests upon me, and, with God's blessing, I shall meet that responsibility firmly but temperately, taking care that, whilst using all lawful means to bring the perpetrators of this foul deed to justice and deserved punishment, the innocent suffer not for the guilty. My lords, life once taken cannot be restored, therefore it behoves us to proceed with the greatest caution where that life is at stake. Better—far better, that ten thousand guilty men go free, and live out their allotted time, undetected and unpunished, than one innocent man should undergo the extreme penalty of the law. This is the principle acknowledged and acted on in free, enlightened England; and there is not one that hears me this day who does not, in his heart, acknowledge that principle as righteous and just. We do not thirst for our brother's blood: we do not prepare the stake, and seek a victim. No; God forbid! If the prisoner at the bar be innocent of the crime with which he is

charged, then I most earnestly and fervently pray that that innocence may be made apparent this day, and that he leave this court for the bosom of his family, unspotted and unstained. And, gentlemen, I will go even further than this, and tell you, under the correction of their lordships, that if, after having patiently heard, and thoroughly examined, and carefully sifted, the evidence I shall lay before you, there still remains in your minds one single doubt of the prisoner's guilt, then, no matter what the consequence may be, you must give him the benefit of that doubt, and, by your verdict, restore him to life and liberty. A terrible power is now placed in your hands. Use it wisely, impartially, justly, mercifully: use it in such a way that when your own last hour comes, and the shadow of death flits about your bed, you can honestly and, without fear, lay your hand upon your heart, and say, 'I acted in that case wholly and solely according to the dictates of my own conscience, uninfluenced by personal feelings of any kind whatever.

"Gentlemen, the innocent must not suffer, and as emphatically the *guilty must not escape*.

"So far as I am instructed, my case is a short one; it lies within a narrow compass, and it shall be stated with as much brevity as a due regard to the facts connected with it will admit.

"Gentlemen, the young man before you, with the down not yet darkened upon his chin, is charged with the murder of Edward Loader, on the night of Thursday, the 11th of May last; and it is now my duty to lay before you the circumstances upon which this charge is based. You may already have seen (indeed, you could scarcely have avoided seeing), an account in the public prints of this barbarous murder, and some of those prints have not hesitated to use strong expressions with reference to this unfortunate young man, ignorantly and presumptuously arrogating to themselves your office, and the office of their lord-

ships, who now sit upon that bench. With all this, gentlemen, you have nothing to do; let it not weigh a feather's weight with you. If you have taken any of these too freely expressed opinions with you into that box, in God's name lay them aside, and act as if you had neither heard nor read them.

"Gentlemen, the murdered Loader was an old man, considerably over sixty, as I have been informed, and of a weak, delicate constitution. He had been in the employment for many years of Mr. James Roberts, a gentleman known to you all, and was by him much esteemed, and respected, and trusted. For over thirty years he had been a tried and faithful servant, rising step by step, till at last he reached the highest point of preferment. Happy would it have been for that good old man had he then sought the quiet of his own home, and there enjoyed that peaceful retirement which his own integrity and honest worth had secured for him. But, gentlemen, this was not permitted; he had gathered his laurels in a peaceful strife, the weapons of which were truth and honour, and they now rest with him in a bloody grave. Gentlemen, Mr. Roberts was grateful to his old servant, his old friend, and he determined that services like his should not go unrewarded. Gentlemen, he did what I wish many other English merchants would do—he made this patient, toiling, simple-minded, God-fearing servant, his partner. He told him of his intention, and invited him to his house, in order to have the deed of partnership drawn up and signed.

"Gentlemen, it will be shown in evidence that this poor, ill-fated man, with gratitude in his heart, went to the house of his benefactor on the night of his murder. After tea the "deed" was drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, and so he became a partner in the firm.

"Gentlemen, it will be proved to your satisfaction that the only persons at Mr. Roberts's house on

that night, with the exception of his wife and daughter, were the unfortunate deceased, Mr. Rentoul, a respectable stock-broker, some years retired; a gentleman named Dorricks, who resided in the house; and the prisoner at the bar, George Allen.

"Gentlemen, the deceased, Mr. Rentoul, and Allen left Mr. Roberts's house between nine and ten o'clock on that night. Mr. Rentoul parted from his companions at Charing Cross, and proceeded on his way home, they taking their way up the Strand.

"Gentlemen, Loader separated from Rentoul in company with Allen, and was never again seen alive. Two or three hours afterwards he was found foully and brutally murdered in that longest, darkest, and gloomiest of all long, dark, and gloomy streets. Gentlemen, he was found murdered in Gower Street. He was found by a Mr. Armstrong, on his way home, who immediately gave the alarm. A policeman came, a surgeon was sent for, and he at once pronounced the man dead. A cane used by the deceased was found beside him, and a yard or two further off an umbrella, dropped or forgotten by the murderer in his flight. Gentlemen, that umbrella was the property of George Allen. This will be proved to your full and entire satisfaction. Gentlemen, the body was found at the time named; when the murder was actually committed we are unable to say. About half-past ten, however, a man covered with blood and dirt stood in Wellington Street calling for a cab. A cab appeared in sight, drew up near the flagway, and this man jumps in, commands the driver to get on as quickly as possible, and accompanies this command with the promise of "double fare." Gentlemen, this man was George Allen also. Again, that very night, or rather early in the following morning, some police, through error, go to the house of a relative where this young man slept, and finds Allen dressed in that blood-stained vest. The man suspects him, and armed



with a search-warrant, he returns to the house during the day, and finds—what do you think—gentlemen? why, a cheque in deceased's handwriting, and drawn in favour of Edward Loader, or bearer, and dated 11th of May, a few hours, doubtless, before the murder. Two letters were also found in prisoner's handwriting, one addressed to Mr. Roberts, and the other to this relative, in which he stated his intention of leaving England at once and for ever. Strange that he should have formed such a resolution, and at such a time.

"Now, gentlemen, be pleased to bear in mind all the facts I have laid before you. Allen was last seen with the deceased; his umbrella is found near the body; he is seen covered with blood and gutter not very far from the scene where the tragedy was enacted; he jumped into a cab, and offered its owner a bribe to drive at a rapid pace; his house is subsequently searched, and in his pocket is found a cheque for £100, drawn by Loader himself, and on that very day; also two letters, expressing his intention of quitting the country without delay. Now, gentlemen, I ask you to take all these facts into consideration, and reconcile them with the prisoner's innocence if you can. It may be asked of me to shew a motive for this man committing so brutal a crime. Gentlemen, I deny that I am bound to shew any motive. He may have had strong and hidden ones; and as such known only to God and himself. But I do emphatically assert that the facts I have stated, if facts they be, and if every man who will be put upon that table to-day be not a perjurer, are utterly and entirely opposed to the notion of the prisoner's innocence. 'Facts are stubborn things,' and we must take them as we find them.

"Gentlemen, I have done. My duty has been discharged, imperfectly I know, but with thorough goodwill towards the unhappy accused, and nothing now remains but to call witnesses to bear out the statement I have just made."

The Attorney-General then sat down, and the examination of witnesses began. They were the same as at the inquest, and in most instances a very condensed report, taken from Stephen's notes of the trial, will be sufficient.

The first called was James Roberts, I merely give his cross-examination.

"Was Allen well known to deceased?"

"Yes."

"How long had he been known to him?"

"Ever since he entered the establishment."

"How long was that?"

"Five or six years, I should think."

"Are you aware of any ill-feeling having existed between them?"

"I am not."

"Is it, or is it not, a fact that the deceased was always most kind and encouraging to the prisoner at the bar?"

"It is a fact that he was so."

"Did the prisoner ever express, in your hearing, his gratitude for this kindness and encouragement?"

"Yes, frequently."

"Was he a visitor at the house of the deceased?"

"I believe he was."

"A constant one?"

"I have reason to think so."

"The deceased was, of course, aware that he was about to become your partner?"

"I told him of my intention about a week before his murder."

"Did he recommend anyone to succeed him at the time?"

"He did."

"Who was that person?"

"The prisoner at the bar."

"Why did he so?"

"Because he believed him to be a young man of industry and sterling worth."

"Did you think so too?"

"I did."

"And thinking so, you determined upon offering him the post?"

"Yes."

"Should you have done so had not deceased mentioned him?"

"I think I should."

"Why?"

"Because I believed him a man to be trusted."

"Then you did not think him a man capable of *murder*?"

"No, far from it."

"Was the prisoner aware of the interest deceased took in him?"

"Perfectly."

"Did he appear grateful?"

"Most grateful."

"Acting upon poor Loader's recommendation and your own judgment, you made the prisoner an offer of the post about to be vacated?"

"I did."

"Was that offer accepted?"

"No; declined."

"Then it is quite plain that he did not wish preferment?"

"Yes; perfectly."

"Are you aware that the prisoner would, in any way, have been benefited by deceased's death?"

"No; I should rather say the reverse."

"You think, then, that it would have been more to his advantage had deceased lived."

"I do; decidedly."

"That will do: you may go down."

Dorricks was next examined, but his evidence established nothing beyond the fact of Loader leaving Roberts's house on the night in question, in company with Mr. Rentoul and myself.

Stephen whispered something in my counsel's ear as Dorricks was leaving the witness-box, who merely nodded in reply, and then rising, said—

"I will just ask you one or two questions, Mr. Dorricks, if you please."

Dorricks bowed calmly, and prepared to listen.

"You are, I believe, an inmate of Mr. Roberts's house?"

"I am."

"You were one of the witnesses to the deed of partnership between that gentleman and the deceased?"

"I was."

"You were a willing one, I presume?"

"A very willing one."

"You have some interest, I believe, in the establishment?"

"None."

"Oh, indeed!" And the counsel looked confused. "You slept that night—I mean, the night of the murder—in Mr. Roberts's house?"

"No."

"Ah!"

And judge, jury, counsel, and auditors all stared.

"Did I hear you aright, Mr. Dorricks?"

Mr. Dorricks again bowed.

"Well, sir, as you did not sleep at Mr. Roberts's house that night, as was your habit to do, perhaps you will tell us where you did sleep?"

"That I cannot: I did not sleep at all."

"Ah! ha! you were particularly restless, I suppose, and sat up in an arm-chair—eh?"

"I confess you are near the truth," said Dorricks, smiling.

"Will you explain to the jury what kept sleep from your eyes on that particular night, and drove away all thoughts of your pillow?"

"Certainly. Mr. Roberts and myself remained in the parlour, talking for about an hour after the deceased, Mr. Rentoul, and Mr. Allen had left, when, on rising to ring the bell, he complained of giddiness in the head, accompanied with pain, and expressed a wish to lie down. I immediately placed him on the sofa, rang for assistance, and finding that after some time he continued to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, Mrs. Roberts and myself agreed to sit up with him till morning, which we did, in company with his daughter, and had not lain down when the news of Mr. Loader's murder arrived."

With disappointment legibly written upon his countenance, my counsel sat down.

Mr. Rentoul was next examined.

Then the cabman, who, no longer having the fear of the coroner before his eyes, gave his evidence in a very satisfactory manner.

The cutler and policemar fol-



lowed, and the case for the prosecution closed.

My leading counsel (not Flare-up) then rose, and addressed the jury on my behalf, which he did in a brilliant speech of five hours' duration, and sat down amid a burst of applause, which was with difficulty suppressed by the officers of the court.

It being now eight o'clock, the further hearing of the case was adjourned to the following morning.

Another night of sorrow — another morning of gloom, and again I stand in the felon's dock.

No witnesses were examined, my counsel being anxious not to afford the Crown an opportunity for a reply, the result of which he thought would be disastrous.

The Judge summed up. He was strongly prejudiced by the evidence, and failed to exhibit that strict impartiality so essential to the ends of justice. The umbrella and cheque alone seemed to him conclusive proofs of my guilt. He did not say this in so many words, but he plainly implied it. He gave me the benefit, it is true, of any good character I might previously have had, and wished the jury to do so too, but he warned them against being led away by such characters. Many a man ended his days upon the scaffold, who, up to the commission of the crime which brought him there, lived apparently a pure and spotless life. He said the world abounded in such instances; every age and every clime has had them. Previous character, however good, must therefore be taken with extreme caution. We cannot read the heart of man, but we judge him by his deeds. "If (he concluded) after considering carefully and impartially all the facts of this case, the evidence produced, the circumstances under which the accused was found, you are of opinion that he is innocent of the charge, you are bound, of course, to say so. If there be a lingering doubt on your minds—a something that you cannot reconcile with the

guilt of the prisoner—then in the name of Him who is mercy itself, give him the benefit of it, and bid him go free. But if, on the other hand, you are fully and firmly convinced of the truth of the evidence, and that you cannot reconcile that evidence with the prisoner's innocence, then, however painful to your feelings, however repugnant to your nature, you must discharge the duty you owe to your God, to your country, and to yourselves, and pronounce him guilty of the crime of murder."

The Judge's charge was unfavourable. Everybody in court felt that.

Slowly, silently, and solemnly, the jury retired, and, after the lapse of an hour, as slowly, silently, and solemnly did they return. The foreman's step was as noiseless as a cat's, and his face as white as marble itself.

The "issue paper" was handed down, and all eyes were fixed upon the Judge.

No need to look—no need to listen; that ghostlike old man had sealed my doom; and now, with the emblem of death upon his head, his ashy lips consign me to the scaffold.

— —

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SOMETHING ABOUT SIMON JACKSON AND HIS CONFESSION.

ALONE with God and my innocence, and it is wonderful how calm, self-possessed, and even resigned I have become—resigned to what? To bear for a few days a life of obloquy, and then die a shameful, ignominious, violent, and bloody death. To leave behind me a blackened memory, which the babe, who now nestles at his mother's breast, will shudder to contemplate, as he grows up to manhood. To be associated in men's minds with the Burkes, the Greenacres, the Corders, the Scanlans, and the Frazers; and to mingle my dust with the very scum and refuse of the earth. To all, and more than all this, I am resigned.

I was aware that even at the

seventh hour powerful efforts would be made to save me, but I felt that nothing short of the confession of the real murderer could effect this. And who was he, and where was he to be found?

Under certain restrictions I was permitted to see Stephen, and such other friends as were able to procure the necessary order from the proper quarter. To a dying man the Government was as considerate as possible, and allowed interviews to take place of a length not quite in keeping with the prison rules. Perhaps the framers of those rules never expected that they would be very rigidly enforced, but left the good man to act rather according to the spirit than the letter of the law. Be that as it may, true it is that scarcely a day passed without two or three visitors, and that one of these was always O'Leary. During these visits he told me that every effort was being made to save me, and that the Secretary of State had been memorialised with a fair prospect of success—the gloomy side of the question being the judge declining to back the jury's recommendation to mercy.

And days passed, and petitions from those who believed me innocent, and from those who were doubtful, and from others who had a conscientious objection to capital punishment under any circumstance, were presented, and we waited and waited till the heart grew sick, but no reply came. Then Stephen grew pale and anxious—for, poor man, he knew but little "red-tapeism"—and could hardly be prevented from waiting upon the Secretary in person, and endeavouring, from his own lips, to learn the worst.

At length the answer came. It was brief, cold, and unfeeling, as such answers usually are:

"The Secretary of State has carefully read and considered the memorials and petitions presented to him, praying for a commutation of the sentence of death passed upon George Allen, for the murder of Edward Loader, on the night of Tuesday the 11th ultimo, and regrets that, under all the circumstances of the case, he can see nothing to justify his recommend-

ing her Majesty's interference, and that the law, therefore, must take its course."

And so the last hope went; nothing now but to prepare for death!

Mr. Roberts had not visited me since my conviction, nor, indeed, anyone connected with him, Mr. Snaggs excepted, of whom I began to think better than I had ever done in my life before. Mr. Rogers, it appears, was ill, so ill that his life was almost despaired of; but he sent me the assurance of the full conviction of my innocence, accompanied by an earnest prayer that if we should not meet again on earth, we might meet in another and a better world.

I asked Mr. Snaggs if he brought any message from Mr. Roberts, but he said, "None."

In answer to another question, he informed me that Miss Roberts was unwell, and that it was her intention to go abroad immediately after her marriage.

With the grave itself yawning before me, how I trembled at those words!

I also learned from him that all the "old hands" were still at Cannon Street, with the exception of Jackson, who had lately contracted drunken habits, and was now living a very dissipated life somewhere in the neighbourhood of the "Seven Dials."

"He hasn't been himself, George, since your trial," said the old man, "nor do I think that he is ever likely to be so again. He couldn't get you or your fate out of his head, except by drinking; and he's now, I fear, a lost man. Poor fellow, with all his eccentricities he had a kind heart!"

"I am sorry to hear this," I replied. "Jackson was one of my oldest acquaintances at Mr. Roberts's, and to think that after so many years of uniform good conduct he should turn out as he has, really distresses me. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Nothing! He is now a confirmed drunkard. When I last saw him he seemed a half idiot."

"This is truly lamentable. I



have not long to live,—only a week,—yet I would gladly give half of it to cure him of that abominable vice. Would he listen to a dying man, Mr. Snaggs?"

"He wouldn't listen to an angel from heaven," said Snaggs, bluntly.

"I should like much to see him."

"More fool you!" snarled the cynic, and then, suddenly turning and remembering my position, added, "It would be only time thrown away; but if you really wish to see him, I think it might be managed."

"How?"

"Oh, the governor is an old friend of mine, and will readily admit him."

"But can he be found?"

"Leave that to me. I know his lodging well, and, but for you, I almost wish to God I did not. He is a miserable wretch, and, at present only a fit companion for the devil and his angels!"

The next day Jackson presented himself, and never did I see so awful a change in any human being. He looked positively old, and premature wrinkles had settled themselves upon his forehead. His eyes were sunken and inflamed, his face pale, bloated, and leprous-looking, whilst, young as he was, streaks of grey might be seen mingling with his red, matted hair.

I talked to him of the sin and folly of drunkenness, and implored of him to be warned ere it was too late, but he would not hear me.

He talked incoherently of me and of my fate, and said that when I was gone he would be happier and better, but that so long as I remained there was nothing for him save to drink.

"You will kill yourself," I remarked.

"That's exactly what I want to do," was his reply. "I don't wish to live. Why should I? Kill myself! I am killing myself: ending all my troubles, and their name is 'legion.' What's the use of living, I should like to know. A man may live twenty years

honestly, and get hanged in the end. Hanged! Ugh! the word sounds horribly. Tell me, now, does the devil ever whisper anything in your ears, such as, 'blow your brains out'—'throw yourself into the river'—'stab yourself with a dagger,' or anything of that kind?"

"No," said I, scarcely able to repress a smile, "for it would be useless. There are no pistols, rivers, or daggers here, Jackson."

"Ah! why not get the one that killed Loader. It's somewhere, I suppose, isn't it?"

"Jackson, you have been drinking this very day, and you are now in a state of frenzy."

"Of course I've been drinking," he replied, "and shall continue to do so to the end of my days."

"A bad habit, Jackson."

"Yes, but if a man has awful dreams at night, what is he to do but drink, I should like to know? I'm always thinking and dreaming of old Loader, and I often see him standing by my bedside all bloody, and shaking his head, and——"

"You are mad, Jackson; drink has disordered your brain."

"No, no; drink hasn't done it; something else has, though, but you musn't know it."

"Don't tell me anything you wish to conceal," said I, quietly.

"Ah, that I won't!" he exclaimed, with what was meant for a cunning leer, "for then they'd hang me as well as you! Two men on the same scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a poor, jabbering idiot he has become!" I thought, as I gazed in real sorrow upon the wretched man.

"Tell me," he continued, coming closer to me, laying his hand upon my arm and peering into my face, "tell me, do you ever dream of Loader?"

"Never!"

"Nor ever see him by your bedside thus?" He raised his arm as he spoke, and pointed steadily towards the wall with the index finger of his right hand.

"Never!"

"Do you never then throw the

bedclothes off in the middle of the night, and roll yourself on to the floor, shrieking for mercy?"

"Never! Jackson, you are a half lunatic already, and, mark my words, the last words in all probability I shall ever address to you, if you do not give up your drunken, dissipated habits, you will soon find yourself in a madhouse."

"I wish I was in one this minute," he said, with an earnestness that surprised me, "for I know I shall be when you are gone. Ugh! I dread to think of it! I love you, George, better than you think, and I am trying to kill myself for your sake. We were boys together, you know, and we slept for two years in the same bed. Wouldn't it be funny if we lay in the same grave? But that can't be, for they'll bury you here somewhere underground, after they've hung you, without hearses, or plumes, or mourning coaches, with a bushel of quicklime on top of you by way of a counterpane, and you'll melt away in no time: but I shall be decently interred in a churchyard, or a public cemetery, I'm not sure which, with the funeral service read for me, and a lot of people coming from all parts to cry, and, if they like, got drunk over me. So that's a difference. And there will be another difference, too; for the moment the last breath leaves your body, an angel, either Gabriel or Michael, will carry you away and lay you in Abraham's bosom, as they did the ragged fellow long ago, and you'll be all right. But the devil, or one of his imps, will seize me, and drag me down, down, down, ever so far into the blackness and smoke of the 'bottomless pit,' and there I shall burn for ever and ever and ever."

"For God's sake, Jackson," I exclaimed, horrified less at the wretch's words than his manner, "for God's sake go home, live soberly, give up bad company, place some praiseworthy object steadily before you, seek to attain it, and all will be well."

"Well, you did all that, and yet you are going to be hanged; but

notwithstanding, you'll die happier than I shall, and that ought to be a comfort to you. Yes, I think I'll go home, as you advise me, for I don't like staying here much longer, this cell is so cold, and dark, and dismal, and I think old Ned Loader is grinning at me from out that corner yonder."

I rose, for I saw that he felt uncertain whether to go or stay. "Good bye, Jackson," said I, holding out my hand. "Good bye, and may God bless you! It is the last prayer you shall ever hear from my lips."

He did not touch my hand, so I approached more closely to him.

"Oh no, no, no!" he exclaimed, shrinking back, "not that—do not touch me—do not come near me—do not look at me! I cannot—dare not take your hand!"

"Believe me, Jackson, it is not stained with any man's blood."

"And who said it was—did I? And yet if you didn't murder Loader, why are you going to be hanged in a week—eh?"

"Circumstances are against me," I replied, "and the jury could come to no other conclusion, perhaps, than that I was guilty. But I did not murder him, Jackson, and there's One above who knows it."

"Does He know everything? Aye, so He does—I had forgotten that. And then, of course, He knows who murdered Loader."

"He does; and, believe me, He will one day bring everything to light."

"Do you think so?" he asked earnestly, "do you really think He will make it known who killed him?"

"I do solemnly and sincerely declare it."

"Then it's very likely that He will show up the right man in time to save you from being hanged—isn't it?"

"I don't know that. God's ways are not our ways, Jackson."

"For all that, I don't think you'll be hanged—at least I hope not. And now I'll go, for here's the man come to show me out. Good bye, and God bless you!"



Never mind shaking hands, I don't like it. But keep up your courage, and if you escape the hanging, as I'm sure you will, think sometimes of poor, crazed, wrong-headed, broken-hearted Simon Jackson."

The officer motioned to him that the time was up, and he left the cell without uttering another word.

It was now four o'clock, and the last visitor for the evening was announced. It was Stephen Dorricks.

I started on seeing him, but he held out his hand with the old quiet smile, and took a seat beside me.

"This is kind of you," said I, returning his pressure.

"I should have called days ago," he replied, "but that I feared you might consider my visit an intrusion."

"An intrusion! How could you think so? I assure you I was most anxious to see you."

"Indeed!" and Dorricks looked surprised.

"Yes, if it were only to assure you how deeply I regretted the cross-examination to which you were subjected by my counsel, at the trial."

"My dear Mr. Allen," said Dorricks, laying his hand impressively on my arm, "the gentleman only discharged a solemn duty he owed so you and to himself. Had he acted otherwise, he would have been unworthy the confidence reposed in him."

"Perhaps so; but then it looked so like an attempt to fasten suspicion upon you, that I felt grieved by the question, though, as you are aware, I had no power to prevent it."

"It was the most effectual way to remove suspicion, had such existed," replied Dorricks.

"Mr. Dorricks, I will ask you one question. Do you believe me guilty of this crime?"

"Honestly and truly, I do not."

"Does Mr. Roberts?"

"No, nor any member of his family, or the family of the murdered man."

"Well, that is consoling."

"Yes, it should be so; but I

have still great hopes that your life will be spared. You are, of course, aware of the efforts that even now are being made in your behalf?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"It cannot be but that they will be attended with success. Should they fail, your friends (among whom I beg of you to include my unworthy self) have it still in their power to prostrate themselves at the foot of the throne, and implore of our young Queen to exercise her royal prerogative. Such a course is not without precedent."

"It has seldom proved successful, Mr. Dorricks."

"I am not sure of that. Women do not like to shed blood; and our royal lady has a true woman's heart. But I bring you news you will be sorry to hear. Mr. Roberts has had an attack of apoplexy, and now lies seriously ill at Tudor Lodge. Your misfortunes have greatly affected him, and his medical advisers sometimes almost fear for his life."

Mr. Roberts seriously ill! I was pained beyond expression. Changed as he was latterly, he had always been a true friend; and the thought that my trials had, to a great extent, aggravated that illness, caused me a bitter pang.

"I am sorry to hear it," was the only reply I could give to Dorricks. My heart was too full for words, and it found vent only in a burst of passionate tears.

Dorricks, affected almost to tears himself, drew me towards him as if I were a love-sick girl, leant my head upon his shoulder, wiped away the scalding tears from my eyes, and poured the "oil and wine" of consolation into my wounded soul.

We then talked upon indifferent subjects, and in half-an-hour he left me.

If the truth were known, I felt deeply mortified at receiving no message of any kind from Eveleen. Our interview before the trial (the particulars of which I did not think it necessary to give), partook of much that was painful, yet it

left with me an indefinable feeling of happiness that the terrors of death could not wholly destroy; but now that that death was so closely at hand, and all hope of escape long since fled, I looked with longing for the hour when, like a ministering angel, her presence might once more light up my lonely cell. I looked in vain, for she came not; and now I remembered in all their force the words of Snaggs, "Miss Roberts is not well."

The day which followed that of Dorricks's visit, and the one preceding that fixed for my execution, was fast wearing away, and I lay moodily upon my mattress in a far corner of the cell. No one, not even Stephen, had called, though now nearly five o'clock, and I felt unusually dispirited and depressed. It was the first day he had been absent from the date of my committal—a period of many weeks—and I felt perplexed beyond measure to trace that absence to any reasonable or probable cause. Had he been ill, I should have heard of it through some channel or another; and the only conclusion I could at length arrive at was that he had been making a last effort in my behalf, and failed, and now, wearied and worn out, had sunk into a listlessness bordering upon apathy.

I tried to compose myself to sleep, but in vain; to read (for tracts and religious books innumerable strewed the cell)—vainer still. My brain throbbed with thinking, and my eyes grew pained with watching, but still no one came. Darkness overspread me like a thick mantle, and no sound was heard save the hard, thick breathing of the two turnkeys, who, for the last three or four days and nights, occupied the cell with me. Suddenly they both started up, and turning upon me an anxious glance (for they had been betrayed into a little quiet sleep), whispered, "The governor's coming round."

And then the key was turned in the lock, the ponderous bolts shot slowly back, a grating of hinges,

a quick, bounding step, and Stephen O'Leary, with a cry of joy, had taken me in his arms. The poor fellow laughed and sobbed, and embraced me by turns, and in so frantic a manner that I thought he had given himself up to drinking, and, like Jackson, had lost his senses.

Receiving nothing in reply to my oft-repeated questions but a bear-like hug—far too vigorous to be agreeable—I turned in sheer despair to the governor.

That gentleman smiled, and his smile was full of hope.

"What is it?" I asked.

He smiled again.

"Have you news?"

"Yes, and good news. The real murderer has been found."

"Great God, I thank thee!" I exclaimed, from the bottom of my heart.

"You have good reason," replied the governor, "for you've had a narrow escape of it."

"And the murderer—who is he?"

"Who was he, rather? for he is now dead."

"Dead!"

Quick as lightning, a thought flashed across my brain.

"It is not—it cannot be Jackson?" I gasped.

"The very man. But having said so much, I really think I ought to let Mr. O'Leary tell the rest. Come, men, you may now leave Mr. Allen, and that, too, without any fear of his committing suicide. Recollect, Mr. O'Leary," he added, turning to Stephen, "I give you twenty minutes, not more. We lock up at six, sharp."

And the governor and his men then went out.

Stephen appeared to see the necessity for making the most of the time allotted to him; for, the moment we were alone, he proceeded, without the slightest circumlocution, and at a very rapid pace, to tell me how, the evening before, Jackson, on leaving me, turned into a public-house, and drank to such an excess that he became speedily intoxicated, and was di-



rected by the landlord to quit the premises. This he refused to do, and force was employed to remove him. He resisted determinedly, striking right and left at the bystanders, swearing awfully, and challenging any given number of them to fight. One man, to his shame, accepted the challenge, and the poor fellow, blindly staggering towards him, received a terrible fall, and the back part of his head coming in violent contact with the kerb-stone, he lay, to all appearance, dead for several minutes. Stephen, passing at the moment, and recognising him, he was taken, by his advice, to Guy's Hospital, where it was fully two hours before consciousness returned. The doctor pronounced the injuries to be of a most fatal character—concussion of the brain, and a breakage of the left thigh, rendering recovery altogether hopeless.

"I was by his bedside," continued O'Leary, "when the probable result was made known to him, and I never, in all my life, witnessed so horrible a scene. He sat up in the bed, notwithstanding the injuries he had received, and, with starting bloodshot eyes and foaming lips, yelled, screamed, blasphemed, tore his hair, cursed God, himself, and those around him. He had to be held forcibly down, and, when no longer able to struggle or curse, glared at the doctors, whom he called devils sent to torture him, and gnashed his teeth, and shook his fist in their faces, in impotent rage.

"That man's hell has already begun," said one of the attendants, as he hurried from the room.

"And so it was, for he howled as if its fires were already consuming him.

"After an hour or so, he became more calm, and at length fell into a quiet, unbroken slumber. I decided upon not leaving his bedside, for something whispered me that all was not right with him. There was no objection made to this, so I sat quietly down at some distance from the bed, and, pulling out a newspaper, pretended to read, but

in reality had my eyes and ears directed towards the sleeping man, and watching with eagerness for the first words that should issue from his lips.

"It was six o'clock when we brought him to the hospital, and it wanted but a quarter to ten when, with a heavy groan, he awoke. He motioned for a drink, which was brought to him, and, having drank it, he seemed to revive a little, and inquired the hour.

"Aye," said he, rather wildly, and fixing his eyes upon the nurse, 'ten o'clock. What day is this?'

"Sunday, he was told.

"Sunday! and George Allen will be hanged in a few hours, as sure as I'm a drunken man. Sunday! God, I didn't think 'twas so near. Poor fellow, I liked him! He saved me from a thrashing once, and if I thought I wouldn't recover I'd tell all, and save him from a halter.'

"I grasped the arm of the doctor, whose name is Tyne, and held it tightly—'Listen! I whispered—'there's life and death in his words.'

"Oh, nonsense!" said he, endeavouring to free himself; 'the fellow is delirious, and merely raves. Drink, and the nature of his injuries, will make him fancy, and say a thousand things—I shouldn't be at all surprised if he charged himself presently with the murder of that unfortunate man, Loader.'

"Tyne and I had spoken in a low, subdued tone, yet, so acute was the wretch's hearing, that though eight or ten yards from us, the moment the word "Loader" was pronounced, he raised himself sharply on his elbow, and, looking towards where we sat, demanded what we meant by mentioning Mr. Loader's name in his presence.

"We were merely talking of his murder," said the doctor, quietly.

"Ah, wasn't it awful!" he replied shuddering, and half-covering his head with the bedclothes. "Awful!—it makes me shiver to think of it! Think of it! I shall think of nothing else whilst I live, except, perhaps, the hanging of

poor George Allen—and that'll be a murder, too, only it'll be done with more ceremony.'

"'Why would it be a murder to hang George Allen?' I asked, disregarding a warning gesture from Tyne.

"'What's that to you?' he exclaimed, sharply. 'I'm not a Roman Catholic, nor are you a priest, that I should confess to you. My secret is my own.'

"'If you know anything that could be urged in his favour,' I continued, 'you are cruel to withhold it. He is now on the brink of eternity, and a word from you might save him. Think what an opportunity is afforded you of doing good, even at the eleventh hour; of restoring that young man to his home and friends, and——'

"'The arms of Eveleen Roberts. Ha—ha—ha! We all three loved her—he, Dorricks, and the half-witted, uncouth Simon Jackson. I was brought up with her—played with her, bought her toys and gingerbread, when we were children, and when I grew up to be a man, ugly and despised as I was, I fell in love with her. Now, wasn't it funny?'

"'If you love Miss Roberts so much, then why not do what I am sure she would wish you—save an innocent man from death?'

"'How do you know he is innocent?' he asked, again starting up.

"'I always knew it,' I replied; 'and you yourself just now implied it.'

"'No, I didn't! You jump at conclusions very quickly, whoever you are. I didn't imply, I tell you again, but I asserted it, and I'll do so over and over and over, without caring who hears me—George Allen is innocent!'

"'Who, then, is guilty?'

"He shook his head mysteriously for some time.

"I repeated the question.

"'Ah,' he replied, 'you will not catch me; I'm deep, deep, deep as the pit into which I shall one day sink.'

"'That day is nearer than you think,' said I, emphatically, 'for

surely as there's a God in heaven, your hours are numbered.'

"With a loud, long, despairing cry, the wretched man sank back upon his pillow; and Tyne, pushing me aside with an angry exclamation on his lips, moved hastily to the bed, and bent over him.

"But he was neither insensible nor exhausted. He was simply horror-stricken.

"He lay for some moments without sense or motion, and then, slowly raising his head, he whispered in the doctor's ear—

"'Is this true?'

"'It may be if that man remains much longer in the room.—I really must insist upon your withdrawing,' he said, turning and addressing himself to me. 'Your presence disturbs my patient, and quietness is everything to him at present.'

"He then approached me unobserved by Jackson, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote something on it with a pencil, and slipped it into my hand.

"The writing was as follows—

'This man is not raving, as I at first supposed. Get behind that curtain, in order that he may talk with greater freedom, but don't lose a word of what passes. Meantime I'll send for a magistrate, in case he should wish to make a dying deposition, as he hasn't many hours to live.'

"I got behind the curtain, which was used for dividing certain portions of the ward, and the doctor drew another near Jackson's bedside, completely cutting off all communication with the other patients, and enclosing the two, as if in a private room.

"Having sent for a magistrate and a policeman, my friend returned, and again sat down.

"There was a rent in the curtain, and by applying my eye and ear alternately to it, I could distinctly see and hear what was going on. But this was not enough. My anxiety not to lose a syllable was so great that I added considerably to this rent, and could at any moment have popped my head through it, had I so desired.

"When Jackson looked up he was evidently surprised at the change.



Only one man where there were two, one patient where there were six, and one bed where there had been a score. This set him thinking.

"‘I thought I had been in a hospital, and that you were a doctor,’ he said, after some moment’s reflection.

"‘Indeed! Why did you think that?’ asked Tyne.

"‘Oh, I don’t know; I believe I thought I had a fall and broke my leg, and that some one brought me to an hospital, and that you were doctoring me like ‘one o’clock.’ But’—peering into Tyne’s face—‘this ain’t an hospital, is it?’

"‘Does it look like one?’

"‘No, not a bit. What’s your name?’

"‘Tyne.’

"‘Ah! Tyne; not a bad name, either. Mine’s Jackson—Simon Jackson, son of Peter Jackson, porter, formerly of Cannon Street, deceased. Yes, Tyne, a son of that illustrious individual; so here’s his health, and yours too. Your a Scotchman, I dare say?’

"‘An Englishman, like yourself, Mr. Jackson.’

"‘I’m glad of it; here’s your health again, ‘a fine old English gentleman all of the’—something or another. Gad, its awful dull work, lying here cramped up in this manner; so, with your permission, Tyne, I’ll get up and have a smoke.’

"Before the doctor could interfere, he had thrust the bedclothes off, and, literally dragging the crushed and broken limb after the uninjured one, he succeeded in reaching the floor.

"‘Help here, for God’s sake!’ shouted Tyne, rushing towards him, and endeavouring to hold him down; but he dashed him aside as if he had been an infant, and would probably have gained the door, had not half-a-dozen residents and attendants burst in, and, overpowering him, lifted him by main force back into the bed.

"The pain from his maimed member soon recalled him to reason.

"‘Oh, I forgot,’ he muttered, ‘that my thigh was broken. If ever I get well, I’ll prosecute that fellow who had me flung into the streets. If it hadn’t been for him I shouldn’t be here to-night.’

"‘You remember all about it, then?’ said Tyne, motioning the others to withdraw a little.

"‘To be sure I do. I had just been to see George Allen, who is to be hanged on Tuesday for a murder he never committed, and just went into—’

"‘Why was he found guilty, then, if he didn’t commit it?’

"‘Because he happened to be out that night with Loader, and circumstances were against him.’

"‘Oh, I see! But somebody committed it, I suppose?’

Jackson nodded.

"‘And you could give a close guess at that somebody, I dare say?’

"‘I believe you! Come, will you deal plainly with me, if I deal plainly with you?’

"‘I will—I promise.’

"‘Is this hurt fatal?’

"‘It is!’

"‘How long have I to live?’

"‘About two hours.’

"‘Not more?’

"‘Not more.’

"‘You speak truly?’

"‘As I hope for mercy at the last great day.’

"‘Well, then, bend down your ear—closer yet—closer,—’twas I, Simon Jackson, son of Peter Jackson aforesaid, who murdered old Ned Loader!’

"‘Great God!’ exclaimed Tyne; can this be true?’

"‘It can—it is,’ said the dying man. ‘I murdered him.’

"‘But why? What had he done to you?’

"‘Nothing; but I was a gambler and a robber, and all that sort of thing; and Loader detected me with some marked money which I had taken from his desk, and a lot of other things besides, and though he promised never to tell Roberts, I feared he would; and that was one of the reasons why I did for him.’

"'It wasn't the only reason, then?'"

"'I'll not tell you any more—you're too inquisitive. Havn't I said enough to spare George Allen if I die; and if I live I can deny it all, and then they may hang him as high as Haman if they please. I like George well, but I like myself a great deal better—that's human nature, I think. If you should ever see him, tell him what became of that lock of hair. Ha—ha—ha!'"

"'And what became of it?'"

"'I got it!' he shouted with energy, 'employed a man to take it out from his pocket when he lay stunned in Bow Street. I got it, and would have kept it, and had it buried with me whenever my time came, and wouldn't have given it back to him had he paid me with his blood—a drop for every hair!'"

"'Where is it now?'"

"'It was forced from me, and burnt before my eyes. God!' he roared, while his eyes flashed up with a hellish light—'God! if I had those by the throat who did it, I'd strangle them on the spot, though that were the last effort I made in this life!'"

"'You wouldn't tell me the names of those parties, I suppose?'"

"'No! It's a secret. I'll carry it with me to the grave.'"

"'How did you murder Loader?'"

"'I reached across his shoulder and stabbed him to the heart.'"

"'There were three wounds, though?'"

"'I gave him the other two after he had fallen.'"

"'Did you rob him?'"

"'He had nothing to take, except a few shillings, and those I left with him. They'll do to say masses for his soul if he's a Catholic,' said the wretch, with frightful levity. 'All I took from him was his pocket-book.'"

"'What became of it?'"

"'I buried it and the dagger, which I saw was broken, in the Green Yard of Old St. Pancras. Don't ask me any more questions.'"

"'Have you any objection to declare all this to a magistrate?'"

He eyed the doctor suspiciously for some time.

"'You're not playing 'fast and loose' with me?' he asked.

"'What do you mean?'"

"'You havn't been getting this out of me for the purpose of giving me up.'"

"'No, as I'm a living man. All I want is to save the innocent. You, the guilty, will not survive this night.'"

"'Well, then, if that's the case, get a magistrate as soon as you like. If I can't live myself, I'll let another do so, and perhaps that'll help me over the river. You must be quick, though, for I feel I'm going.'"

"'The magistrate and a policeman now entered (a policeman really had been found), and Jackson's deposition or confession was taken down as accurately as possible. He asked to have it read over for him, and on that being done, wrote underneath—"

"'This statement is correct, and I make it of my own free will and accord.

"'(Signed), SIMON JACKSON.

"'Guy's Hospital, 28th June.'"

"'That's all right,' said he, looking up, after attempting to sign his name with a flourish; 'that's the ticket, I believe?'"

"'All right! quite right!' said the magistrate, carefully folding up the document.

"'I'm glad of it! It's the first good deed I ever did in my life, and it's sure to be the last. I should like some one to tell Eveleen Roberts how much I loved her, and how often I prayed for her; and that my dying words were not to marry Dorricks if she can help it, but to take George Allen, who is a better and a truer man. Ah, if it wern't for something, I could tell her that about this same Dorricks that—but no matter; my lips are now sealed—sealed as closely as poor Loader's in his bloody shroud. I thought I should see him when dying as I have whilst living, and that he would be at my bed, and grinning at me, and—but it's all humbug. I'm dying now, and he's not here. I killed him, and yet he doesn't come to tell me of the tortures they are



preparing for me, down—down there! I suppose he doesn't know much about that, though, for what business would he have in hell? Hell!—ha, ha, ha! there's fire and brimstone there, and 'twas made specially for me and Stephen Dorricks, I think, in order that we

might burn together throughout all eternity!"

"His head dropped heavily on the pillow, with a dull, hollow sound; and Tyne, rising with a sigh of relief, passed a candle across his half-staring eyes, and simply muttered, '*He is dead!*'"

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### MOONBEAMS.

A BABE lay asleep on its mother's knee,  
Its lip was dimpling with the glee  
Of childhood's merry dreaming,  
And through the boughs of the linden-tree  
The moon's pale rays were beaming.

A knight was alone with a gentle maid;  
They walked in the greenwood's leafy shade,  
Of a happy future dreaming,  
And o'er the pathway through the glade  
The silver moon was beaming.

'Tis the even after a fearful fight,  
And a lady weeps for her own true knight;  
And fast her tears are streaming,  
As o'er his helm and corslet bright  
The moon is lightly beaming.

A grave is green beneath the yew,  
The marble slab is white and new,  
And there, where stars are gleaming,  
The maiden sleeps by her lover true,  
And the moon is softly beaming.

## SOMETHING ABOUT SINGING.

MUCH has been written in praise of music, and deservedly so; for the science of sweet sounds is one of our most delightful recreations. It is a universal harmonious language, which all who will may learn, and, when learnt, it not only gives the purest of pleasure to the possessor, but is the cause of pleasure in others. Harmony is contagious. Who is there that has not felt at times how the social circle seems to be drawn closer together by the power of music? It soothes, cheers, and elevates, or saddens and solemnises, according as its tones are plaintive, animated, or grave; and many instances may be quoted in proof of the influence exerted by music on men and animals. We read in Scripture how David, by playing on his harp, drove the evil spirit out of Saul; and throughout the Psalms we see again and again how deep and heartfelt was the Hebrew monarch's love of the art. The ancient Greeks believed that the trees danced when Orpheus struck the lyre; and though a wondrous fable, it shows how much they thought of the power of music. The cruel conqueror, Amurath IV., when about to witness the massacre of 30,000 of the inhabitants of Bagdad, was turned from his ferocious purpose by a Persian harper, who sang and played before him. On the other hand, music will rouse enthusiasm, and kindle valour. The stern and stout Covenanters went to battle at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig to the sound of an old Scottish tune, "Jock, come kiss me now;" and Cromwell's regiment of Ironsides marched to victory singing spirit-stirring psalms. Martyrs have gone to the stake with a hymn of praise on their lips; and the tender infant is lulled to sleep by the gentle song of its nurse. Sometimes an air wakens lively or painful recollections, for—

"Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory."

The Swiss soldiers, when on service in a foreign land, would often fall ill, and pine to return to their homes, if by chance they heard a simple melody, which the cowherds of the Alps are in the habit of playing on their horns. It has been said that half the victories and half the crimes of the great revolution in France were inspired by the "Marsellaise," and our own "Rule Britannia" has inspired many a deed of bravery; and where is the American who does not feel a glow when he hears "Yankee Doodle?"

Mozart, the great musician, when a boy, fainted at the blast of a trumpet, so powerful was the effect on his nerves; and it is related of a woman, who heard the organ played for the first time, that she died from the state of rapture into which it threw her. Illness has sometimes been cured by music. Not many years ago, a most remarkable instance occurred in the lunatic asylum in Glasgow. Some of the female patients took tea together one evening in the matron's room, and passed the evening with cheerful conversation and singing; one of the party, however, exhibited such strong emotions, that she had to be removed. The next day she said to the matron, "Do you know why I wept so much yesterday, on hearing that song? It reminded me of some circumstances of which I had long since lost all recollection." A favourable impression had been made; gradually the mind awakened, and memory of the past returned, and in a few weeks the patient was restored to health and to her family.

Not less remarkable is the effect of music on other creatures. It is well known that spiders and lizards are attracted by sweet sounds, and seem to take pleasure in them.



Crabs even have left their hiding-places on hearing the whistling of a German peasant, who made use of his power to capture them. Birds, too, and dogs, horses, and elephants, have shown extraordinary proofs of the influence of music upon them.

But of all music, singing appears to be the most powerful: no instrument has ever yet been invented to equal the human voice, probably because it sends forth living notes—sounds and words that have wings, and fly direct to the heart. Every one, too, has a voice, and it is certain that every voice may be cultivated and improved, and with less difficulty than is commonly believed. Singing is as natural to man as to birds; we hear it from little children before they can speak plainly; we hear it in the street cries—in the hearty chorus of sailors at their work; and the canoe-men on the Canadian rivers will sing for hours to time their paddles. Who ever forgets the impression made on hearing a number of well-tuned voices for the first time? Those who listen to Handel's oratorios feel how poor the instruments sound in comparison with the voices; and to hear the "Old Hundredth" sung by the ten thousand charity children at their annual gathering at St. Paul's is a glorious feast of sound. How many great and good men have loved music! To Milton music was an exquisite enjoyment, as appears in many parts of his poems; and in his letter on Education he recommends that it should be taught, for songs, as he says, "if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over disposition and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions." But singing, as a part of education, has been sadly neglected in England, and it is only of late that attempts have been made to revive it. The author of the "Claims of Labour" observes: "Singing lessons should be greatly encouraged in schools. There are several merits connected with this

mode of instruction. It employs many together, and gives a feeling of communion; it is not much mixed up with emulation; the tenderest and highest sentiments may be unostentatiously impressed by its means, for you can introduce in songs such things as you could not lecture upon; then it gives somewhat of a cultivated taste, and an additional topic of social interest, even to those who do not make much proficiency; while to others who have a natural ability for it, it may form an innocent and engaging pursuit throughout their lives."

Mr. Wyse, an active promoter of popular education, says that those who contend that the English are anti-musical, because they can only roar and scream, should remember that the people have never heard anything else but roaring and screaming, but that they may learn harmony as well as other lessons. "A better preservative of pure morals," he adds, "a more delightful addition to innocent amusements, a more cheerful stimulant to all exercises, whether of labour, study, or religion, can scarcely be devised. Nor would its effects be confined to the school-room, or to childhood; it would soon penetrate the paternal dwelling; in another generation it would be natural to the land."

Dr. Channing, too, says, eloquently, "A people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent ones I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with, and are favourable to, a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every

community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. A man who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute." Then follow some remarks on the efforts being made to spread a knowledge of music in the United States, and the doctor pursues, "Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful: and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which the provision is to be enjoyed." How true is all this! and how forcibly it shows our deficiencies!

We come now to a few practical remarks; and the first is, that the cultivation of the voice is by no means so impossible as many persons imagine. Every one who reads does not wish to be a profound grammatical critic; so every one may get some knowledge of singing without being an accomplished vocalist. A little acquaintance with the simplest rules of music, will, in most cases, suffice for family training; and how can a father or mother, a brother or sister, be better employed than in promoting the work of harmony? There are many books of instruction for this purpose, but the best we know of is that published by the late Joseph Mainzer, under the

title of "Singing for the Million." There are thousands of persons in England and Scotland who were taught by Mr. Mainzer with remarkable success; and though he was a teacher such as the world seldom sees, it is yet possible for individuals less gifted to make use of his method, and strive for the same results, as we hope to show.

One great advantage in the Mainzerian system is that it may be taught to hundreds of persons at once; for the present, however, our remarks are more particularly addressed to members of a household. Suppose, for example, the father of a family wished to cultivate the practice of singing round his own fireside, he should begin by reading the first two or three chapters of "Singing for the Million." Then, if he knows nothing whatever of music, it will be necessary that he should get some one to teach him the true sound of *sol*. Or he may buy a tuning-fork or small pitch-pipe, which will always give him the correct tone, and while either of these is sounded, he must accustom himself to bring a strong, full *so-o-o-l* from his own throat. After a little practice his voice and ear will be so exercised that he will be able to sing *sol* without difficulty; and once having acquired this, the other notes, above and below, come almost of themselves.

He may now enter on his duties as teacher. The family is to be assembled and seated in one or two rows, according to their number, and those that have the same quality of voice being made to sit together. The first chapter should then be read, and it will be the more interesting if the signs and explanations are drawn on a large sheet of paper, so that all may see them at once. When these are understood let the teacher turn to the exercises on page 20, where he will find ten exercises on the note *sol*. The first is composed of quarter-notes, eighths, and a half-note; and these are to be sounded in a given time, according to the instructions given from pages 15 to 19 of the book. Thus prepared,



let him and all his pupils sing *sol*, taking care to sit upright, to keep the head up, to open the mouth well, and to bring out a bold, clear, sound. Those who are afraid to open their mouths well can never become good singers.

Of course there will be difficulties at first; the voices will not keep well together, some will linger a little too long on the notes, others will not catch the exact tone, but a little perseverance will smooth the way and lighten the labour. Constant reference to the chapters of instructions will help to impress their contents on the memory, and then the subsequent exercises may be entered on from *sol la* up to the whole scale of notes. When the learners can bring these out with confidence, one half of them may sing *la* while the other half sing *sol*, so that they may get accustomed to sound one note without mistake while hearing another. It is on the power to do this that part-singing depends. It is good exercise also for the high voices to sing *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*, and for the low voices to follow at an interval of two notes: for instance, the low voices are not to begin until the high voices are at *mi*; in this way a perfect chord is struck, and the result is a lesson in harmony. If this practice be persevered in evening after evening, and if all the exercises be diligently sung over and over again, until they are familiar to the eye, the ear, and the memory, all engaged will find that before a winter is over they will have made such progress as will encourage them to proceed and multiply their sources of pleasure. For children especially there is no employment so delightful as singing, and they will often follow up with a constancy which they never display in other pursuits.

We know that there are many families who devote themselves to this cheerful recreation; but they are very few when compared with those who never make the attempt, or make it badly. If all the fami-

lies in the kingdom would take up singing as one of their fireside enjoyments, the reproach could not long be urged against us that we have no national music. We are not less fond of music than other people, and two or three hundred years ago it was more cultivated and better understood among us than it is now. In Germany every schoolmaster must know how to teach singing, and it is the same in nearly all the poor schools of Holland; and the consequence is, that the people of those countries sing according to rule, and produce effects of harmony which can be heard nowhere else. There are a few churches and chapels in England where the congregations sing in parts, and fill the building with a volume of sound that charms the ear and impresses the heart. It is to be wished there were more such.

We may add, in conclusion, that the practice of singing is highly beneficial to health; it strengthens and invigorates those of weak lungs and delicate constitutions; but it is not to be carried to excess, any more than other pursuits. It cannot be begun too early, for, in the words of Mr. Mainzer, "Childhood is the fittest period for instruction in general, and for singing in particular. All the organs of voice are then soft and flexible, and receive the minutest impressions; the chest expands with unobstructed ease; the muscles and nerves connected with the chest and with the organs of voice yield with greater obedience to the command of respiration; the ear receives and conveys the impression of sound with more readiness, and impressions produced under the guidance of art leave indelible traces behind."

"Of all music," says Feltham, "that is best which comes from an articulate voice, whether it be that man cannot make an instrument so melodious as that which God made living man, or because there is something in this for the rational part, as well as for the ear alone."

## SCHOOL DAYS.

OUR thoughts revert to the days of childhood, as the traveller looks round on the home which is fast receding from his view; and school days, with all their momentous troubles, become dear to our recollections. How many a lawyer, as he bears his scarlet bag, sighs for the hours when he flourished his satchel;—how many a governor has found the rod he had to sway more abhorrent than the rod he once had to endure! We recall our sports and those who shared them, and envy the memory of our juvenile sorrows—molehills of calamity which, in after life, we exchange for mountains of misery. My school days were not very happy ones, and the epithet “unlicked cub” could not have been applied to me from the day of my entrance into Mr. Turvey’s academy to my exit therefrom. I was always fond (as I believe every one is) of doing things in my own way. My usher, Mr. Heartless, was no brooker of innovations;—he had strong arguments (*argumentum baculinum*) in favour of old systems. He did everything by *rule*, even to the castigation of his scholars; as both my head and hands could testify. He had a twist with the weapon of chastisement that I never saw (nor felt) excelled. What principally provoked him was my method of arithmetising; for, by some process that I could not account for then, and cannot recollect now, I learnt the result of my multiplication sums without setting down the ordinary work. ’Twas in vain he tried me with sums set expressly for me. I was invariably correct; except when I followed his method, and then I made a thousand blunders. However, Mr. H. persisted, and my talent for *improvisational* arithmetic was nipped in the bud. In writing, I assembled my four unhappy fingers and ill-fated thumb so close to the nib of the pen as to

draw the ink on my nails, and his rule on my knuckles. In spelling, I had also a pleasing originality—*hart* for heart, and *plow* for plough, were standing favourites with me. Heigho! bad as the worst of those days were, they were better than the happiest I have since seen; and I sincerely exclaim with the poet, “Would I were again a child!” Of all school days of which I have ever heard, those enjoyed by the scholars of St. Paul’s are the strangest. There *Suett* was Latinised—there *Elliston* studied, and cursed his “*Græcæ Grammatices Rudimenta* ;”—and there have a hundred clever fellows been thumped into attention. In the year 1814. Dr. Roberts (now no more) was head master. He was a venerable-looking gent, clad in rusty black, with a hat to which Daniel Dancer’s thirteenth-year-old one must have looked juvenile and fresh. He wore a broad steel watch-chain, six inches by four; and looked scarcely more lively than his bust, which, subscribed for by the boys, adorns the school-room. There did he exercise his peculiarities, one of which was, to enter with his dress in that disorder that might, according to our new vagrant act, have consigned its wearer to Brixton for a month. When a noise occurred in the school, he invariably chastised the head boy of every class—a kind of practical lecture on the dangers of eminence. The doctor had his own notions, too, on the score of punishment; for he was wont to tie six canes together, to inflict that chastisement that could have been more forcibly inflicted with one. Another master was William Alexander Charles D——m, Esq. On his house door was a brass plate inscribed W. A. C. D——m; from which he obtained the appellation of *whack* D——m; and his *entree* was always attended by the chorus of “*whack row-de-dow*.”



In vain did he castigate or remonstrate; cane and casuistry alike failed of effect. We had taken it into our heads, and it could not be thrashed out of them. Even the gravest boys persisted; young Barber Beaumont, Taunton (the surgeon), and many more were principal altoes in this chorus. There was another species of rebellion which the conglomerated efforts of all masters could not quell. This was the boys flinging their books at the head of any visitor entering with his hat on. They had no respect for persons or beavers; whoever entered the precincts of the school-room covered, was a mark for vengeance. Gradus, Juvenal, Persius, Æsop, and Xenophon, flew round him like hail; a strange way of hailing a visitor certainly. At Paul's school the lowest is called the first class, and the boys in it are termed the *single* boys; not that any of the others are married that I know of. Their day's penance is really worth describing. In the first place, we poor shivering wretches used to go at seven in the morning, with sixpenny tapers in japanned boxes, and commence our studies with fingers below freezing point, there being no fires in the school at any time. At half-past seven, poor Dr. Roberts used to crawl in with a white chin, purple cheeks, and blue nose. He had a desk with back props opposite the pupil's face: upon which props a duplicate of the lesson to be delivered was usually placed by the attentive scholar. When this trick was impracticable, we used to puff out the doctor's candles. Then would the reverend tutor cut away indiscriminately in the dark; face, nose, or eyes, found no exceptions. At eight o'clock, a.m., one Mrs. Margery, a withered specimen of the fair sex, was let into the yard, with hot rolls, butter, and treacle; which she vended at the moderate price of three halfpence, and then, while our masticatory organs were employed, we thawed into a little comparative comfort. Whenever a new boy appeared among us,

fight he must. Some of the bigger lads found him a suitable match, and on the first half-holiday he was conducted to a place called "the Cockpit"—the very spot where the new post-office now stands—and there, with all the ceremonials of a regular fight (brandy-bottle, lemon, and towel) did they set-to. These battles were upon the principle of martial education, for our school had its wars. The most deadly and fierce of these was with the Merchant Taylors' School. I don't know why, but whenever we met a Merchant Taylor, "whack he had it." Sometimes six of us Pauls would meet three of those Taylors, in St. Thomas Apostle or other narrow nooks; and then woe betide them! But when the odds were reversed, and *we* were beset by numbers, our agility in escaping was really wonderful. Under brewers' drays, through warehouses—anything to avoid the mow-hawking Taylors, whom we denounced as the vilest cowards upon earth, thus to set two upon one. Once (obliterate it from the chronicles of thy college, O Paul!) we disgraced ourselves by fighting with a charity-school: sparred with young gentlemen with marks on their breasts: wrestled with wearers of leathern unmentionables! These offsprings of charity, however, did not carry the precepts of their parent out of the school-room. Charity began and ended at home with them; they were at once the most furious and unmerciful of all our foemen, and were, I think, the first inventors of the system, which we afterwards pursued, of putting stones inside snowballs to make their effect more certain and severe. But of all things dear to recollection, the appositions at Easter are the dearest. Then did the elders brush up their scenes and sentences from Sophocles and Seneca; and their recollections of Demosthenes and Ferrarius. Those were the times for good memories and bold voices! The rewards, which at one time were valuable volumes bound in morocco, and embellished with the head of the master, dwindled

down at another to plain sheepskin-covered commonplaces with neither head nor tail to them. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Those days are past, and the giver of those volumes is in his grave; and though new tutors rise, and new pupils congregate, Paul's school has, in my

mind, ceased to exist. The new building has not the savour of an academy, and no more indicates a seat of learning than the new fret-work of Westminster Abbey agrees with the beautiful Gothic specimens that surround it.

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### WASTE NO TIME.

WASTE no time in idly thinking  
Over what thou hast to do;  
If thy life be dark and stormy,  
Still it must be struggled through.  
Squander not the precious moments—  
Time is ever on the wing—  
Brooding over disappointments  
Serves but to increase her sting.

Waste no time in vainly fretting  
Over things that might have been.  
True it is that discontentment  
Often paints a fairer scene  
Than the landscape which surrounds us,  
Though to an impartial eye  
It might seem a brilliant prospect  
Smiling 'neath a cloudless sky.

Waste no time in fancy visions  
That must vanish in their prime,  
When there is so much that's real  
To employ thy leisure time;  
For remember 'tis a talent  
But to us in kindness lent,  
And of which the season cometh  
When the question—how 'twas spent,  
We shall surely have to answer;  
Therefore let us now prepare,  
And be careful stewards of the  
Gifts intrusted to our care.



## RECORDS OF WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

The Sea Captain and His Owner—The Horse Chaunter—Pride and Poverty—A Scandalous Conspiracy: a Victim—Snarley Yow—Something like a Good Swindle.

THERE is something about a sailor one is apt to look upon as genuine honesty and downright truthfulness. His whole life seems to have been passed in the contemplation of the magnificence of nature, more particularly that element which claims him for her own. We look up to the honour of a sailor as the guiding star of a peaceful life, relying upon the fortitude and courage of our blue jackets, as we rely upon our bulwarks and our forts. As a matter of course, there are exceptions to this rule; but it is seldom we have to record any underhand villanies practised by poor Jack, although he appears to be fair game for every species of rascality and plunder which the land-sharks can desire.

We have here to pourtray—although a good sailor every inch of him—a very different character from the *beau ideal* of our fancy.

This man was bred upon the ocean, and at the age of thirty commanded a fine brig of six hundred tons, trading to the West Indies. Although married, and the father of three children, he was extremely lax in his morals; in so much that he carried on a criminal correspondence with the wife of the owner of the brig. This connection was continued for years without discovery, for the lady was sly and artful—the husband unsuspecting and confiding. It was arranged that the lady should plead indisposition—and debility, which she was advised could not be cured except by a sea voyage. Opportunely our captain's ship was fitting-out for sea when the owner was made acquainted with the physician's advice to his wife. It did not require much persuasion to induce the owner to consent to his wife taking the voyage in his own

ship, and under the charge of his own captain. The owner himself had a motive, as will shortly appear, for the ready acquiescence he gave to his wife's departure. Of course he was totally ignorant of the infidelity of the woman, or the cognizance of the captain in this scheme, and when everything was carefully arranged, the vessel took her departure for her destination, while two of the occupants rejoiced at the success of their stratagem, and enjoyed the association amazingly; so for the present we must leave this *one* guilty pair to pursue their course, and return to another pair equally depraved, who seemed to glory in their shame, if we may judge from the reckless gaiety and dissipation in which they revelled.

No sooner was the brig clear of the Thames, than the owner domiciled himself in the house of the absent commander, enjoying the happy communion of the skipper's wife! And, strange as it may appear, the owner's illicit connection had been only interrupted while the husband was in port; on his departure it was carried on in the same unblushing manner as the captain's and his paramour's.

It was not the captain's intention to return to England; he could at any time draw upon his owner in London, and his bills would be readily cashed, so, as to money matters, he felt quite at ease. He appeared to care little for his wife and children, or what might be their fate. The mate of the brig was, however, a keen-sighted fellow, who kept a close eye upon his commander, and was not long in discovering the undue familiarity which passed with the lady in the cabin. By overhearing a conversation one night, he became aware of the villanous scheme in embryo

for the elopement of the pair to America, as soon as the vessel should arrive at its destination and bills could be drawn upon London. With honesty of purpose to guide him, he wrote to the owner from Madeira, the first port touched at, detailing all he knew. The owner himself was almost paralysed by the intelligence, but he was an energetic man of business, so he immediately wrote to the consignees of the brig, desiring them to dismiss the captain at once; not to suffer him to draw any bills or money, but place the vessel under command of the mate. This letter, going by the mail steamer, reached its destination before the brig, so that the consignee was fully aware how matters stood.

Another discovery was made in London by the captain's brother, who suspected and finally detected this guilty pair. He immediately wrote to his brother, giving him the dire news of his dishonour and his wife's infidelity. By a singular coincidence, both this and the owner's letter went by the same mail, so that on the arrival of the brig, the captain found he had not only lost the affections of his wife, but the command of his vessel also.

Here was a pretty fix! the abandoned woman was possessed of some funds, just sufficient to pay their passage home. The American trip was abandoned for want of means; their case was desperate, and no alternative remained but to face their difficulty as best they could.

Fortunately for them a ship was ready for her return voyage to England, in which they engaged berths, and with heavy hearts and disappointed hopes they sailed for their deserted homes.

The captain's brother, in the meantime, removed the children from the baneful companionship of their guilty mother to his own house, while the owner of the ship still kept up the fatal connection.

The "mote and the beam" is well illustrated in these two men. Each was furious to think that *his* confidence had been betrayed by the

two women, never once reflecting that their own moral turpitude came within the same category of events. It was quite clear that no quarter would be shown on either side; but the owner had the best chance of redress, should he think proper to demand it; for he was possessed of wealth, good standing in the commercial world, upon which he mainly relied to carry him through this very disagreeable ordeal. On the other side, the captain was poor and dependent, having squandered his means, not only upon the owner's wife, but among the most abandoned females. Thus matters stood until the arrival of the voyagers, at which time they began to cogitate upon the line of conduct to be pursued. The owner had made up his mind to abandon his wife to her fate; while the captain could not see clearly how to act with his innamorata, for now she was as pennyless as himself, and it would not do, he thought, to tie himself to maintain a woman reduced to such extremity, notwithstanding he was the instigator and betrayer of her virtue. So he argued and thought.

The owner thought there was no moral delinquency in the exchange of wives, and he had resolved never to cast off the woman who had sacrificed everything for him, and for whom he entertained an affection; therefore the owner must be thought the more honourable of the two delinquents.

But what were the thoughts of these two women? The owner's wife felt herself to be the cause of the captain's error, as she called it; therefore she was determined to show, by love and affection, that she was worthy the sacrifice he had made on her account, and by every means in her power to prove to him that she was prepared to endure the world's scorn, even poverty itself, so long as she felt sure of his esteem.

On the other hand, the captain's wife felt confident of her lover's regard; his standing in society would screen her from the frowns of the world, and she was prepared



to renounce husband, children, and home for the man she had thus taken to her heart.

And thus matters stood when the captain presented himself at the office of the owner. No one could envy either of these men; the captain was boisterous and defiant, the owner cool, collected, and passive. No, he would hold no communication with the captain, who was referred to the owner's solicitor. The captain would see the owner and solicitor in a very warm locality first; he came there to have redress, and if he could not obtain it by fair means, why, he would break every bone in the skin of the cowardly scoundrel, who had taken advantage of his absence to seduce his wife.

On hearing this, the owner's stoicism relaxed into a derisive laugh at the rapsody of outraged feelings and honour, and bade the captain quit his office at once, and for ever.

"Not till I am revenged!" replied the captain, making himself up for a pugilistic rencontre; but in this he was disappointed, for a policeman had been engaged for some days awaiting this issue, and he now stepped forth to prevent a breach of the peace, and ejected the furious captain without further ceremony.

Not expecting such a reception, he became furious with rage; he vowed that one or other of them should be a corpse before night, and that nothing but the life of the owner could ever appease his wounded feelings and honour.

"A very nice article to talk about, wounded feelings and honour!" remarked a bystander.

The policeman kept guard at the office-door, and intimated "that if he used threats against life it would be his duty to lock him up." Upon hearing this he cooled down a little, and reluctantly retreated from the scene. He hurried to the lodgings he had taken, where he found the unhappy woman, wearied out with anxiety and dread. She flew to him with open arms, for she saw at once that he was exasperated—

savage. She inquired the result of the interview with many endearing words; but he shook himself clear of her embrace, and growled out a curse which curdled the blood to hear. The woman shrank from him with fear and trembling,—she was abashed—horror-stricken. But what were her feelings when he cursed her to her face, as being the cause of his present situation? With cruel mockery he bade her go back to that scoundrel, her husband; for he loathed, detested, despised her as a worthless baggage, not fit to exist in the same atmosphere with honest people. He wound up by saying, "There, madame, you know my unalterable sentiments; pack up your traps, for you and I cannot live under the same roof!"

Not a word did the heart-broken woman utter; she glanced but once upon that unfeeling brute, put on her bonnet and shawl, wrote three lines to her husband, which she placed in an envelope, and as she hurried along, placed the letter into the post, and before night she was a corpse, having thrown herself into the New River.

The captain did not know what to make of her conduct: she had not returned at night, and he felt a relief at having divested himself of a burthen, now distasteful to him. He was reconciled to her absence, and thought no more of her than of a strayed dog.

Not so her husband: for when the note addressed to him came to hand, it intimated the fate awaiting her, craving his forgiveness for the wickedness she had committed. A latent feeling of affection came over him, and he instantly set out to avert the fatal act, if it were possible; but, alas! too late! he arrived just as the body had been brought to the bank, in which he recognised the corpse of his erring wife! It was too much; he fell prostrate upon the ground, remaining in a state of unconsciousness for hours. Upon recovering he gave such orders as the case required, and returned home a disconsolate, wretched man.

The newspaper was the medium through which the captain was informed of the fate of his deluded victim. At first he could not think the identification correct, so he strolled down to the house where the corpse lay; then he became satisfied, when he looked upon the fair form before him, that she had passed hence. Did he betray any emotion at this wreck—this cold stiffened effigy of what was once a lovely woman, and pay the cheap tribute even of a tear? Was he conscious of his moral turpitude, or was he callous to every feeling of the human heart? Yes, he was a depraved miscreant, debased before man, and forsaken by Heaven.

He returned from the scene of death, bent his steps towards the house of his wife, intending to throw himself upon her mercy, look over her sin, and crave a covering wherewith to shelter his dastard head. The fatal news had preceded him, and, although the woman was shocked at the catastrophe, she knew her husband's disposition so well, that she felt assured his accustomed cruelty had hastened the end of her rival. So she was prepared for his assumed repentance. With great apparent humiliation he approached the door, which was no sooner opened than thrown too again in his face, with a loud bang and derisive laugh.

Again was he bearded, but this time by his own wife—yes, the mother of his children! monstrous perversion of human nature! Was the woman a fiend—a devil, or what? to so far forget her duty to her husband as to deny him admission to a residence, certainly not his own, but where his wife lived! "Monster in human shape," he exclaimed, shaking his fists in the air, "my revenge upon you shall be summary, but sure."

"No it won't," said a policeman at his ear; "for you must go with me and enter into articles of peace towards Mr. — [the owner], and all her Majesty's subjects."

He turned upon the man like a lion at bay; "Go with him? no, that he would not." "Very well,"

said No. 69 A, "We shall see about that;" then calling aloud, he said, "Here, No. 84 and 86, lend a hand to take this cove to the station." The hand was lent, and very unceremoniously, too, and the craven captain marched off between them.

With some difficulty he obtained the requisite sureties, and as he was leaving the police-office, two gentlemanly individuals, employed by the sheriff, very kindly conveyed him to where he is seen here, brooding over the failure of his nefarious scheme, cursing both man and woman, and oftentimes his Maker.

Now, if this fellow is not a disgrace to the name of man, far less that of a kind-hearted, generous sailor, we have mistaken his character.

This man is a character. You could tell his calling by his dress—half groom, half jockey. He is one of the best-tempered fellows imaginable, and, for telling a story or a joke, he is inimitable. One of his chaunting exploits is worth the recital, and will be given in his own vernacular tongue.

"Oh my eyes, that was a spree! There was three on us in it, and you may be sure we knowed a thing or two. There was big bully, B——, he was the cove that did the gent part. Ginger,—you *must* all know Ginger,—well, he was the groom, and your 'umble servant was another gent as was to bid agin any flat as was hooked. I was dressed up to the nines, none of your cheap and nasty—real, down-right, stunning garments, made by a West-ender, which I bought of the Honourable Mr. H.'s Walley. So there was no mistake in my make-up."

"Well, we had advertised an out-and-out 'oss, giving him such a pedigree as would reach a yard in print—we described him as *the* horse of the season—fit and able to carry a cove of eighteen stun fifty mile a-day—such a stepper, but we did not say he was a rank screw! He had several ugly white



spots about him, but that was nothing; we always carry nitrate of silver about us, so that turned the white black, as many coves dyes his whiskers. The silver also dapples a light bay, and makes his hide like a leopard's. Well, we hired a stable in B——dbury—a werry nice place is B——dbury. I don't think, but for our purpose out-and-out; there's so many courts and alleys, you may double twenty times in case of need, and we did need oftener than onct. However to my story. I forgot to say the horse had a sand-crack in his off fore hoof, and you shall hear all about that.

"The next day after the advertisement appeared, an out-and-out swell came to look at our bargain. To hide the sand-crack, we always kept some stable-dung and mud, right ag'in the door, so that when the 'oss comes out of the stable, he steps into this mud, of course, and so we get rid of the sand-crack. Bully B——, dressed out fine, not flash—that 'ud never do for a real gent—so Bully B—— was dressed on the quiet, and Ginger looked the werry pieter of a light groom. We had shotted and frisked the 'oss on speculation, so we was quite ready for all chances. The gent came it strong about herseflesh, but Bully B—— came it stronger, considerable. Ginger mounted, and held him well in hand; and, as I said, he was a showy 'oss, and carried hisself beautiful. The gent inquired his age. 'Rising five,' says Bully B——. 'Look at his mouth, sir.' We had made his teeth all right, so we invited inspection. The mouth passed muster; then the price. Bully B—— would never part with him under 125 guineas—say pounds, and that was the lowest farden. 'A long price,' said the gent. 'My groom shall come to-morrow, and, if he reports favourably, the horse is mine for £125.' The morrow wouldn't suit our book, so Bully went on to say, and finished by telling a owdacious lie—that a gent would be there in the arternoon who had

bid a price, and must have a answer; so what could he do atween the two?' Jest at this pertickler time, in walks the other gent into the yard. That gent was myself. I looked owdacious big, and frowned to see another gent eyeing the 'oss; and I told 'em plain it warn't fair dealing. Bully B—— did a little of the soft sawder to me, but I wouldn't have it, and pertended to walk my chinks in a huff. Then the real gent says, 'Well, I likes the looks of the 'oss, and, if you'll warrant him, I will give you a cheque for the amount when you have sent him to my stables to-morrow.' Bully B—— was werry sorry, but he must leave town by three o'clock, and he must take t'other gent's offer if his'n wasn't concluded then. After a little thought, the gent said, 'Where can you write the warrantry?' There was a public-house jest hoppersite the yard, kept by a knowing little blade, fly to everything. So they goes there, and Bully B—— writ the warrantry, and hands it to the gent, who, in his turn, took out his cheque-book, and asked in whose favour he should draw it. Bully B—— al'ays carries a spicy card with a real gent's name, which, on this occasion, was Mr. Benjamin Blake, of Elstree Park, Herts. This he handed over, and, in due course, received the cheque, promising that his groom (Ginger) should deliver the 'oss in about two hours. So the sale was concluded, and the gent went away 'appy as a grig, and pleased with his bargain. As soon as the gent was gone, Bully B—— and me jumps into a 'ansom, druv like winking to the banking-house, got the dibs, all in suverins—notes ain't quite the cheese in such a case. So we returns, squares the deal with Ginger, and sent him off with the 'oss. He didn't stay long with the gent's groom, you may be sure. He tipped the man a cooter (sovereign) and a go of gin, and made hisself scarce in no time. And this was one of the rankest swindles I was ever in, on which occasion we wacked one hundred and sixteen pounds ster-

ling net, the screw having been bought for nine pounds! But this wasn't the last of it. Next morning the 'oss was returned; but the stable was shut, the birds had flown, and, of course, the people of the public knowed nothink of us, being strangers to them. Artful cards! Well, at that werry indentical time, Bully B—— was in the bar-parlour, dressed in a wide-awake and smock-frock, and so well up that a detective would have been deceived. I was there also, but this time as a ticket-porter. Now, if it hadn't been for the colour of Ginger's hair (which was red) he wouldn't 'a' been re-cog-nized. But the groom gets sight of him in the Burry. Ginger sees him comin' arter him, bolts into the public, right up the stairs to the top of the house, where there is a door leadin' to the tiles (this door is made on purpose to cover chaunters and other respectable individuals), bolts the door on the outside, leaving the groom to grope his way down ag'in how he could. Ginger went through another convenient house, and got clear off. While this was doin' upstairs, Bully B—— and me bolted by the front door as quick as we could, leaving a cooter (sovereign) for George Henry, the plucky little landlord. B——dbury didn't see us for a month of Sundays in the day-time; but we have often spent the night there with some runaway pals something worse than ourselves."

We are told that pride kills more people than poverty: if this be so how rapid must be the dance of death when both are combined? It will, however, be shown, that if pride and poverty conspire to hasten death, we have here an instance that one individual—nay, a whole family—escaped the fell destroyer many years beyond the threescore and ten usually allotted to the human race, although steeped in both.

There was here a venerable-looking man who had numbered ninety years: he had already received two of the warnings, for he was lame

and deaf, and if one may judge from the powerful lens he was obliged to use, the third warning was not very far distant. He had been something of a merchant, always boasted of his position, regretted the loss of some very large amount of property, entirely by his own careless habits of business. This imaginary estate was described as being in the suburbs of London, not definite as to locality; but there it was. He had a testy, weak, grumbling wife, whose pride or birth consisted in having been brought up in the kitchen of a gentleman's country house, without that adjunct so essentially necessary to the station of a lady, education of any kind, beyond the culinary requirements of her calling. The paucity of education was fully made up by thorough, sound, practical sense; save only a weakness she inherited of aping gentility.

They always boasted of the style in which they formerly lived—the wealth and influence which surrounded them; winding up by a dismal yowl as to the present straitened circumstances in which they, born in the very lap of luxury, were compelled to exist. In fact, if you were to believe everything, you would naturally conclude that they had been born with golden, instead of common silver spoons in their mouths. All this ridiculous boasting was a pure fiction from beginning to end: for that famed, fabulous individual, the "oldest inhabitant" had never known them in better circumstances than fighting in penury, and, often in want, for a living, and making awkward attempts to be genteel. And even to this day, the privations, the troubles they have had and do endure, so as to be considered genteel, is beyond the comprehension of any reasonable being. The pride of the family absorbs their whole thoughts, and guided every action; and yet they consider it no disgrace to be continually applying to friends for loans of small—or large if they can get them—amounts, which are never returned. Withal, you will hear



them talk of their independence, and how very genteel they are considered by everybody.

This poor old gentleman, for he was a gentleman by education, had succumbed to the controlling influence of his wife and daughters: so that in his declining years, he was tutored into a belief that gentility, without bread, was really something to boast of and encourage. And so they continued to linger on in a life of inactivity, because they were too genteel to submit to the ordinary and commendable pursuits of life. The old man was often without the commonest necessities of life, positively pining between death and starvation, and lived upon the gentility of common charity.

He used to entertain his hearers with many tales of suffering which he endured patiently, and always wound up by praising the ability of his wife and daughters, and how their company was called for and courted, because they were so very clever and — genteel! Poor, confiding old man! This delusion will remain with him whilst he has breath to give utterance to the strange phantasma.

In these pages we have depicted some of the gigantic swindles concocted within these walls. The reader may be surprised to hear that three men, calling themselves, and passing for respectable commercial men of some standing in London, conspired to cheat a poor man out of a newly projected enterprise, which would, if properly and liberally managed, have turned out of considerable usefulness and profit.

One of these men, of whom nothing was known beyond his living in a respectable locality, and stating himself to be connected with paper-making, undertook to supply a certain amount of capital in furtherance of the project alluded to, taking a bill of sale upon the plant and machinery by way of security. After this document had been duly executed, it was found that the individual had very little of any

capital at all, for one of his cheques for a small amount was returned from the bankers, marked, "not sufficient funds." This simple fact will give an idea of the boasted capital which was to work this factory. Every obstacle was thrown in the way, and an attempt made by this doubtful capitalist to wrest the whole from the original owner for the sum of £150, secured by the bill of sale. This act was frustrated, when it was resolved to advertise the whole for sale for the sum of £750. Negotiations were opened with two individuals, and the capitalist undertook the arrangement. When this was concluded between these three individuals, the sham capitalist wrote to the dupe, saying he would give £300 and run all risk. The other two were to find £300; that is to say, £150 to recoup the capitalist for his advance on the plant, and £150 to the originator. In the mean time a partnership was entered into, quite unknown to the proprietor, by these three persons, so that the balance of £450 of the £750 was to be divided between them.

In the mean time our dupe was confined in this place, and only released by becoming bankrupt. It should have been stated that the capitalist gave an undertaking to pay £150 out of the £300 in three months, but, when due, repudiated his own handwriting, and to this day has not paid one fraction of the £300, which sum would have covered the whole liabilities of the originator.

It must also be stated that the dupe was to pay one-half of the law expenses attending two interviews with the capitalist's lawyer, and drawing up and registering the bill of sale, and for which small professional assistance he charged £34 odd!!

The capitalist and his partners now sought for some one to join the concern, keeping the partnership between them quite in the dark; and they succeeded in obtaining the money of a manufacturers' son in the country, altering the

factory into another branch of the same trade. Part of the money so obtained went into the pockets of the other two partners, or was divided by the trio. Well, this dodge did not answer—the countryman cannot see his way clearly, so he requires his money, to provide which the capitalist is endeavouring to hook another flat, who is sure to be done out of whatever amount he is fool enough to advance.

It may be said that those three men had a right to join together if it answered their purpose. We say the same, if it had been done openly; but they each denied the existence of any such partnership, until the capitalist divulged the whole while in a state of semi-intoxication.

From all this it will be seen a species of swindling is carried on outside of Whitecross Street, as well as in it.

That dull, gaunt-looking fellow, who saunters about with the vinegar countenance, has been a compositor. He is one of the most ill-tempered and most insolent of all our companions. He is paramount in assumption, and for ever quarrelling, with or without occasion. No one is permitted to know anything, or have an opinion upon any one thing. If an assertion be made, or an argument advanced, this man's dictatorial insolence is sure to break in, and mar whatever equanimity of temper may have been exercised or maintained. In his estimation, every member but himself is set down as a swindler or a thief, and he was used to declare that nine-tenths of his companions ought, and would be in their proper place, Newgate, before long—and serve them right. With such a fellow no one could or would hold communication, save only our little captain, who would not marry the Begum. These men were singularly different in disposition, yet a harmony prevailed between them, difficult to comprehend, and could only be accounted for from the fact of their doubtful pursuits and calculations. Snarley Yow

(as we shall call him) was a capital cook, and these two men messed by themselves upon the fat of the land, the preparing of which formed the chief attention and amusement of this rival to Soyer. For two years he had been waiting for dead men's shoes; and nothing would induce him to pay one fraction of his debts; no, he would remain where he was for ever first—they giving a practical definition of the honest principles upon which he prided himself. His little friend, the captain, tolerated him, it would appear, for, although Snarley Yow had insulted and quarrelled with every individual, his intimate friend has been an exception, and continued to enjoy the connection.

His honesty may be further illustrated by the fact, that he had mortgaged the reversion he was entitled to twice over, and upon this last transaction he was confined in this prison. Yet with the well-known fact, patent to everybody, he had the audacity to stigmatise every one a swindler, fit only for penal servitude.

There were two gentlemanly-looking men confined here for a very considerable period, and, fortunately for them, their transactions only just escaped a criminal act. Their method of procedure was somewhat remarkable, and evinced a great degree of scheming and ingenuity, with a knowledge of how far they could indulge their propensities for living upon others without the fear of police interference.

One of these men was well-born, and educated at college; the other was what is termed an outsider. By some similarity of sentiment they had formed a kind of co-partnership, and for two or three years had led a life of extravagance and recklessness, without either possessing one farthing ready cash. They were both fine-dashing-looking fellows, unscrupulous and profligate. In the course of their wanderings they had become acquainted with two women, the very types of themselves, who were



living under the protection of two noblemen, inhabiting luxurious establishments at St. John's Wood. After several meetings, this fact became known to our two worthies, and they resolved to benefit by the acquaintanceship. This did not require much persuasion or finesse—for convivial and happy indulgences, the two frail beauties became enamoured of the new friends, whom they indulged with sumptuous and riotous living at the expense of their protectors—a misnomer frequently used, but in all such cases misapplied. For a lengthened period this clandestine connection was unblushingly practised without suspicion or detection of the two noble dupes. On one occasion, however, the discovery was made by finding a pair of gloves, which it is said was the occasion of the song of "The Young Cavalier." Of course, this led to a stormy remonstrance; and, as these two women inhabited the same house, a partnership was soon cemented, so that the present storm was jointly taken up, and the accusations as sternly denied. "What if a pair of gloves were found; were they to be deprived of the only consolation left them in their unhappy situation of seeing their brothers or fathers? A pretty state of slavery, indeed, after they had sacrificed all that a woman holds dear for the men who had won their virgin hearts; and then added cruelty and insult to all their other wrongs!" After this fashion they endeavoured to soothe the jealous ire of these noble asses, winding up with hysterical weeping, vowing to emancipate themselves from this species of tyranny and selfishness, at any and every cost—even to suicide, or perhaps, murder!

These awful alternatives had some weight in mitigating the severe reprimand intended to have been given, and appeared to satisfy the accuser. Just at this particular juncture, the second nobleman came upon the scene, when a recapitulation of the discovery was gone through, accompanied by the

same demonstratory and weeping denials so as to leave the newcomer in considerable perplexity. True, it was not his lady who had been detected in her amours; yet suspicion had arisen, and he could not qualify or defend either; for it was quite evident to his mind that, if one of these women had forgotten her relative position, the other was quite as likely to fall into the like category; therefore he had resolved not to enter the lists, but to consider and determine in his own mind what line of conduct to pursue. Anything like harmonious feeling would not be thought of at such a time, so the two nobles left the house together, the women appearing prostrated, demented, at the bare idea of their continance having been suspected. The two gentlemen, seated in their respective cabs, little thought that those two fashionable-looking men they met had amused themselves by watching their arrival and departure, and that those very men were fed and clothed by their bountiful allowance, meted out to the abandoned hours of their fascination. But such was the fact.

Little suspecting the scene which had taken place, they hurried into the house to find the ladies, in as boisterous and happy a mood as if nothing had happened to mar the even tenure of their ways. The tale was soon told with the most facetious *sang froid* imaginable. There was an abandonment of an all decency, and a jovial day was spent in depravity and vice.

One of our acquaintances, W.—by name, took a more serious view of the case, observing, "The game is up, you may rely upon it. The supplies will be stopped, an explanation demanded, and if not satisfactory, separation and abandonment. This looks *rather* serious. But, I say, Lou," addressing his particular woman, "if such should take place, what's your game?"

"Oh," replied Lou, "I am game for anything, but you don't take me for such a d—d spoony flat as to be cast off for nothing, do you?"

"I should think not," was the rejoinder.

"Never mind!" said the companion, Carry, by name, "never mind! it is time enough to talk of that when the *éclaircissement* is demanded; so let us enjoy ourselves while we can."

And they did so far into the next morning, when, by post, a communication was received by both ladies from their respective protectors, giving each a *coup de grace* to all further communication.

The gallants were taken more aback than the ladies, upon receiving this announcement. A council of war was immediately held; the deliberations of which ended in a firm resolution to demand immediate and liberal recompense for the injury done to their modesty.

"Hulloa!" said the woman called Lou; "here is a postscript I overlooked."

"Read, read!" was impatiently vociferated.

She did so, and it ran thus:—"You can call upon my solicitor, Mr.—, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who has my authority to hand you over one thousand pounds, upon condition that I hear no more from you, or of you. Your portion of the furniture, plate, and wine, you are at liberty to do as you like with."

A general shout of joy followed the reading of this precious portion of the letter; and, although early day, two bottles of champagne crowned the breakfast-table, and was drunk in bumpers, to the health of the fool who had acted so liberally.

The woman Carry, looked for a postscript in her communication, and there she found a similar announcement, word for word, showing that the eyes of the two dupes had one common focus and intention. Another hurrah followed, flanked by two more bottles of champagne, sending the whole drunk to bed before noon.

As soon as they had slept off their libations, which was towards five o'clock in the afternoon, they sat down to a sumptuous dinner, consisting of every delicacy that

money could procure. This repast concluded, a visit to the theatre was proposed, which being acceptable to all parties, they repaired thither in a style not to be surpassed in dress, even by Her Majesty. When the performance was over, the two women entered their brougham, and drove home. Our two acquaintances finished the night in the Haymarket, and by dawn the next morning, they wended their way, in a drunken state, to their own homes.

The next morning our companions held long and serious consultation as to what line of conduct they should pursue to get possession of the whole, or a part of the money that would be received by each of the women. Our friend O— had no objection to marry Carry, "for she was a deuced nice girl, and he thought he could be happy with her, and the thousand pounds would start them in some way of business."

Our companion W—, the aristocrat, laughed the idea to scorn, "What! he, a gentleman born and bred, marry a w—, he would see all the sex in a certain place, said to be paved with good intentions, first. Not he. He would help to spend the money; and when that was gone, he was quite sure such a showey wench, and so pleasant, withal, would pick up some used-up, debauchee who could and should minister to all her and his necessities with no niggard hand!"

So much for the morality and feeling of "a gentleman born and bred."

Notwithstanding this wretched resolve, the man O— really liked the fascinating Carry, and he had made up his mind to offer her his heart and hand. For this purpose he dressed himself with more than ordinary care, hurried to St. John's Wood, found his charmer alone, pressed his suit with becoming ardour, and was—refused! Yes; refused with a derisive and scornful laugh, grating to the ear and feelings of poor O—. She concluded by declaring, "No, she would never marry any man;"



finishing in the words of Heloise—

“Not Cæsar’s empress would I deign to prove,  
Make me but mistress to the man I love.”

The aristocrat, W——, kept his word; he did not propose to Lou; but he was mean and dastardly enough to live upon her means so long as they lasted. So the concubinage continued until the whole of the thousand pounds had vanished in riot and debauchery.

We now bring our two companions into the disagreeable alternative of discovering some means of existence. So they commenced by each taking a furnished house, for the double purpose of a domicile and references to each other. Appearances must be kept up, and the two women supplied the means; how those means were obtained may be readily imagined. But this frail barque was doomed to founder and wreck this scheme of our adventurers. The women’s health gave way; their horrid occupation fled, and our friends were cast upon their beam ends.

They had taken the houses for twelve months certain, at the rent of four guineas per week. This arrangement was, however, altered into quarterly payments for the convenience of the tenants, “who only received their rents every three months.”

The sinews of war must be had; so many of the costly pictures, and every portable article found their way to the pawnbrokers. At length suspicion was excited, and the two friends found themselves inhabitants of the station-house,

charged with the crime of illegally pawning goods not their own. When before the magistrate, they boldly declared that they were innocent of the charge, demanding proof that they had committed the act imputed to them. This was essential, the magistrate said. This was not forthcoming, by some oversight; but the court was requested to remand the prisoners in order to supply the necessary proof of what was asserted. No, that could not be; there was no crime proved; all was suspicion; and the prisoners must be discharged. But they might be again apprehended if the connecting chain of evidence could be supplied.

The poor prosecutors were not only threatened with actions for false imprisonment, but a certain well-known, notorious Jew attorney issued process the next day, which was only terminated by a compromise: this was, that the tenants should give immediate possession of the houses, and hand over the duplicates, if any, and to forego all further proceedings. This alternative was eagerly accepted and concluded; but their attorney forgot, or wilfully omitted, to obtain receipts in full for the rent then due; and when all things were settled, and possession given, the landlords at once turned upon their tenants, and lodged them here.

What became of the women was never known; but we may calculate upon their doom, if we open our eyes any night in the Strand or Haymarket.

## PER ASPERA AD ASTRA :

A TALE OF LOVE, WAR, AND ADVENTURE.

## CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING HOW THE COUNT OF STAELBURG WAS DELIVERED OVER TO THE INQUISITION; HOW HE FOUND OUT AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN THE TORTURER OF THE HOLY OFFICE, AND THE GRIEVOUS ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL THE LATTER.

APOLOGISING to the reader for the unwarrantable disregard for the "lucidus ordo" of which we have been guilty, in directing attention to the minor actors of the scene, instead of to the hero of our tale, we will attempt, in some measure, to rectify our error, by informing them of what befel Brieswald in his captivity. Valdez, rejoiced at having obtained even so slight advantage as the capture of two prisoners, quickly informed Requesens of his success; and the latter—who, although supposed to be more merciful than Alva, knew but little of "the quality of mercy which is not strained"—ordered them forthwith to be sent in close custody to Spain, there to be dealt with by the spiritual arm as formal heretics, unless it should please the powers that were to direct otherwise. The mandate was speedily acted upon, and Brieswald and Alfrude, under the care of a few troopers, were transmitted, partly by land and partly by sea, to the mother country,—the Spaniards, perhaps, considering any prison in the Low Countries insecure. It was, doubtless, well for them that their capture took place when the Spaniards looked with certainty to the surrender of the town: had it been otherwise, the rage of their captors at failing in their attempts to reduce Leyden would have vented itself upon them.

As town after town, and village after village, was passed, Brieswald, now separated from Alfrude, became aware that he was an object of great interest to the inhabi-

tants; and, although but slightly acquainted with the Spanish language, he was led to suppose that his fate was a more rigorous one than that of the generality of prisoners of war.

It was at the close of the day, when the shades of night were beginning to fall, that the prisoner and guard arrived at a large town, where their approach excited little interest. A halt was made at the entrance of a large building of sombre appearance, where admittance was readily granted to the leader of the party and his subordinates. Here, as the soldiers prepared to assist the prisoner from his steed, poor Brieswald, whose debilitated frame was no longer able to bear up against the excitement and fatigue he had gone through, fell into a swoon. On recovering possession of his senses, he found himself in a small well-ventilated apartment, where the thick bars which shaded the windows prevented the ingress of what little light still remained with the inhabitants of the outer world. Scarcely had the unfortunate soldier cast his eyes round his dreary prison, ere a grating sound of the huge lock was heard, and a man of anything but prepossessing appearance entered, bearing a solitary taper, and a small tray containing some refreshment. Our hero hurriedly asked where he was, and what it was the intention of his captors to do with him. The jailor calmly placed the taper and refreshments on a table, and muttered some words in Spanish, perfectly unintelligible to Brieswald. Finding his attempts at conversa-



tion vain, the jailor pointed to the eatables he had brought, and motioned to Staelburg (as we may now again call our hero) to partake of food. As he turned away from them in disgust, the officer slowly stated that his future opportunities for eating might be few. The jailor then withdrew, after having assured himself that the door was properly fastened with the enormous chains and bolts which were annexed to it. His absence, however, was not of long duration; he speedily returned, bringing with him some changes of raiment, which were much needed. Motioning to the pallet, which occupied the larger part of the prison, he took up the taper, and left poor Staelburg to console himself to his adversity as best he might.

As he donned his attire, he found himself deprived of almost all the contents of his pockets at the time of his imprisonment, which, he presumed, had been removed during his unconsciousness. As soon as the duties of the toilet had been hurriedly performed, his grave attendant once more made his appearance with his morning repast, consisting of a kind of broth with bread. On this occasion the jailor seemed slightly more communicative, and, in reply to his repeated inquiries, informed him that he was in Valladolid, and that the present place of his confinement was none other than the secret prison of the Holy Office.

In spite of his general fortitude, a cold shudder came over the unfortunate noble as he heard that he was now completely at the mercy of the most pitiless tribune in the world, not even excepting those institutions perpetuated in romances and tragedies,—the secret associations of Germany. Not wishing the jailor to consider him a craven, he again demanded, in a mixture of German, Dutch, and Spanish, the doom that awaited him, and the period fixed for its infliction. To this, the official doggedly stated that a voluntary confession of the heavy charges brought against him would be the only means of mitigating the just indignation of the

inquisitors, when perhaps his life (forfeited for his crimes) might, through their mercy, be spared. Prepared for the worst, as far as he was concerned, Staelburg inquired whether any female was incarcerated at the same time as himself. The jailor made no answer to this, but, putting his finger on his lips as a token of silence, withdrew. As our hero once more heard the door shut upon him, he could not divest himself of the idea that it would open to him only on the road to torture or execution.

"The fear of ill exceeds the ill we dread," says Tasso; and if it were possible to form any ideas of the horrors of the Inquisition which the real facts of the case might not warrant, the unfortunate German, reared in a land where persecution and bigotry had not predominated so much as in Spain, would have been a fit person to form such ideas. He had abundant time to reflect on the perils of his position: not even a missal or the works of any orthodox Romanist were placed so as to invite perusal, and assist him in his devotions. He made a narrow inspection of his cell, to ascertain if there were any means of communication with his fellow-creatures; but all his endeavours were vain: the solid walls betrayed no crevice, and no sound of life reached his ears. He was altogether unenlightened with regard to the species of examination he might have to undergo, and he greatly feared that the Inquisitors of the Holy Office might detain him in close captivity till it suited their pleasure to make an end of him. What tortures they might think fit to practise, as a prelude to his death, he knew not; but he had no need to imagine that he who had assisted with all his energies to crush the power of domineering Spain would be lightly treated by its chief spiritual engine. To the enjoyment of these melancholy reflections it suited the superior of the Inquisition to leave him for some few days, during which the visits of the jailor were the only incidents that roused

him from his meditations. Probably, from pressure of business on their hands, or it might have been with the intention of letting solitude exercise its influence on the prisoner, the Inquisitors did not summon him to an audience until nearly a week had elapsed since his incarceration. He was then ordered by the jailor to follow him. Summoning all his fortitude to his assistance, the captive followed him to the chamber of audience, where were assembled the Inquisitors, the Promoter-Fiscal of the Holy Office,—a notary, whose office it was to take down in writing the statements made by the accused,—and a few more officials. Notwithstanding the trepidation the young noble felt on appearing before them, he was almost glad that there was some probability of his ascertaining the worst. Contrary to his expectations, he was greeted in a courteous, yet formal manner, by the chief Inquisitor, who desired him to be seated. The others seemed engrossed in deep thought, and in their heavy, forbidding countenances, Staelburg looked in vain for any spark of pity. After a denunciation by the promoter against the prisoner as a heretic, during which the latter remained standing, an oath was dictated to him by the notary to speak the truth on this and all subsequent occasions. The Chief Inquisitor then made some minute inquiries as to his name, country, and condition. To this our hero answered, that in Germany, his native country, he was known as Augustus, Count of Staelburg, in the Margravate of Baden-Baden. Without evincing any astonishment, the interrogator proceeded to inquire whether the accused had ever gone by any assumed name, and if so, when, and for what purpose he had done so. Staelburg had a great inclination to demur to this question, as foreign to the matter; but fearing that any reserve on such a point would operate prejudicially to him, he answered that, to avoid the notice of certain persons at enmity with him, he had been induced to adopt the name of Brieswald, and that the period of his

so doing so was immediately after his quitting Germany, about two years ago. On hearing this, the Inquisitor demanded the reason which had induced him to quit his home. The Count then proceeded to inform him of the circumstances attending his departure, as far as appeared convenient. He was afterwards questioned on his motives in combating those who had not injured him, the steps he had taken in the defence of the revolted provinces against the regal authority, the people with whom he lodged, and the religious services which he and they had attended. To the first of these inquiries, the young Count pleaded his ambition for military distinction, and the desire of every chivalrous heart to assist the weak against the strong. To the second, he enumerated, not without some pardonable degree of pride, the services he had rendered the Dutch. To the third, he stated that his host was one Mynheer Naarveldt, a man apparently of great piety. To the other point, he added that, being unable to join in religious exercises with those of his own persuasion, he had, on some occasions, attended Protestant places of worship. With regard to the faith professed by Naarveldt and his family, he stated that, being received into that family as a man of courage and honour, he did not wish to give his generous entertainer any opinion of his being otherwise. An expression of great disapprobation came over the Inquisitor's face as he heard these bold words, and he paused as if to collect his ideas. After giving time to the notary to write the previous statements of the accused, he began to demand the number of Naarveldt's household, and whether Staelburg had not accompanied either of them to any heretical assembly. The prisoner answered indignantly that it was utterly at variance with every principle of justice to make an accused bear testimony to his own prejudice, but that, in a process commenced against himself, to compel him to give evidence to the detriment of those who had treated him with confidence, was such an



infringement of the rites of hospitality as he could not sanction. The interrogator made a careful note of this answer, and reminded Staelburg, in a threatening manner, of the oath he had just taken, and the punishment which would attend any violation of it. Probably aware that any further allusion to the subject was unwarranted by the Draco-like laws under which the Holy Office feigned to act, the Inquisitor dropped the question, and after a whispered conversation with his coadjutors, informed the accused that his first examination was terminated.

The prisoner was then requested to annex his signature to the minutes made by the notary, the same having been previously read over to him; after which he was conducted by the jailor to his own cell. Here once more he devoted considerable time to a calm reflection of the dangers which surrounded him, and the only means of extricating himself therefrom. As for himself, he scorned to use deception, and his examiners were welcome to every particular of his previous life; but should they persist in making inquiries into such of the affairs of others as had come under his notice, he resolved to incur the full brunt of their resentment, rather than gratify their curiosity. He was not without some idea that Alfrude Naarveldt might then be immured in a prison similar to his own, exposed to like treatment; and, in addition to other arguments, if such were needed, to prompt him to confine his disclosures to his own acts, he pictured to himself her probable conduct when interrogated as to his own principles. He knew that the noble-minded girl, who had so attentively waited on him in sickness, would not act treacherously to him now; and his generous nature revolted at the idea of purchasing immunity from torture at any price resembling either ingratitude or abandonment of principle. However, he had the melancholy consolation of thinking that his own fate could scarcely

admit of any increase of misfortune, since, isolated from his friends, and ignorant of the rules of the tribunal persecuting him, nothing remained but to submit to the tortures and sentence decreed, or to conciliate the Inquisitors by a denunciation of all whom he had known, as professing doctrines at variance with those of the Roman Catholic religion. Annoyed with his own reflections, yet without any other means of occupying time, the unhappy captive knew not what to do. Fortunately for him, the jailor again made his appearance, bearing the writings of Ignatius Loyola, in Latin, which, he stated, the Inquisitors, as a special act of grace, had permitted him to read.

Glad of any method of breaking off his unpleasant train of thought, Staelburg thankfully accepted the works, and was soon so deeply engaged in a perusal of them as to remove from the mind of his keeper any doubts of the soundness of his belief.

It was not long ere he received a second summons to undergo an examination by the Inquisitors. He found them again assembled in the hall of audience. The superior, after alluding to the oath taken by the accused, on all occasions, to speak the truth concerning the matters in question, expressed his regret that a person of such rank, and apparent abilities, should be so far wanting in respect for the Church, as to be guilty of assisting heretics, at the time when she had so much need of the assistance of all her sons to repress the growing spirit of schism; and urged him to make a free confession of all offences committed by him against the Holy Catholic faith. The Inquisitor was firmly assured that, as Staelburg's conscience reproached him for no intentional breach of duty, he was unable to confess any. The official then proceeded to inquire whether a leaning to heterodox opinions had been observable in previous members of the family of Staelburg, or whether the prisoner was the first who had favoured heresy. To elucidate this ques-

tion, he demanded an account of the principles and faith of as many of Staelburg's forefathers as he could call to mind.

In a very clear manner the accused informed them of the life of his father, and his death in battle; after which he went as far into the family pedigree as his imperfect remembrance of the steward's legends would permit.

"What!" said the official, in amazement; "is it possible, that the example of so illustrious a man as the Count of whom you speak, can be so far lost upon you, that you should be found fighting against the cause in defence of which your father fell?"

"If I am rightly informed," replied Staelburg, "the charges of which this court takes cognisance, are of a spiritual, not a secular nature. If my offence consists in bearing arms against Spain, I demand the privileges of a prisoner of war. My father, in his lifetime assisted Spain to weaken the dangerous power of the Pope and his allies. Now, Spain and the Pope are in too close alliance for the interests of Christendom; and it has pleased me to lend assistance to men of a different persuasion, suffering injustice from the temporal power of the King, and the spiritual yoke of the Pope. Should I have acted with imprudence in this matter, so far from treating my departure from my father's opinions as an additional cause of punishment, I would submit the merits of the father should be set against the defaults (if any) of the son."

"You are forward," said the Inquisitor; "and interfere in matters of which you know nothing. Do not provoke me to a course of severity with you. The truth must be extracted, and I have the power of resorting to other measures, besides entreaty, with you. You say you left Baden, and travelled towards Leyden:—in whose company were you?"

"Partly in that of one Frederick Hophman, a member of the University of Tubingen, who came, as

he informed me, to practice chirurgery among the wounded of the Dutch army."

Many questions, some entirely impertinent to the subject, were put; to all of which, in a calm and composed manner, Staelburg answered carefully, restricting his replies to his own conduct.

He was then dismissed, with a hint that his answers, on the present examination, were of a very unsatisfactory nature; and that unless, at the next audience, he practised greater sincerity, he would be proceeded against with the utmost rigour.

Another audience was soon after held, in which the interrogations were very similar to the previous ones. Staelburg was, however, called upon to recite certain portions of the Latin service, to prove his instruction therein. Many attempts were made to induce him to reveal what he knew of Mynheer Naarveldt; but finding him obdurate, the Inquisitor made an allusion to the implements of torture which it was possible to employ, and still again urged the advantages to be derived from an ingenuous confession.

Lastly, the Inquisitor asked if the prisoner was aware of the particular crimes which had come under the notice of the Holy Office. He was informed that the accused was entirely ignorant of the offences he had committed, unless it were the vague charge of assisting Protestants in a war against Romanists.

At the request of the superior of the Office, he then particularised his enemies as the Count of Würmer and his son.

Staelburg once more was called upon to attend the Inquisitors, and enter into a defence of the weighty crimes brought against him. In consequence of the rank and the supposed magnitude of the guilt of the culprit, great attention was paid to the preparation of the accusation against him; and a host of the officials attended to watch the progress of the trial. The Promoter-Fiscal produced a roll of



great length, whence he proceeded to state the different counts with which the accused was charged. In addition to the general crime of being a heretic there were a variety of offences specified, such as deliberately insulting the Holy Office; communing with known schismatics; attending heretical assemblies; reading prohibited books; burying the corpses of parties at variance with the Church; and, amongst others, sorcery, and a compact with the devil. The torture was casually spoken of as the means of extorting additional evidence from the accused. These several charges having been read over to Staelburg, he was commanded to reply to them according to his ability. The Promoter, having previously borne oath to the rectitude of his motives in prosecuting the charges, withdrew while the prisoner made his replies, to give some slight appearance of justice to the parody on equity they were enacting. As, however, Staelburg, from his ignorance of the practice, was in no position to enter into a detailed defence, or even to reply in a judicious manner to the denunciation, as a special favour, an advocate, of rather more ingenuous mien than the majority of his brethren, was appointed to answer for, and assist him to the best of his skill. With great tact the advocate (after swearing to deal faithfully towards his client) added the answers, which, on a hurried consultation before the Inquisitors, appeared expedient. These were, a denial of such of the accusations as were utterly untrue, and an admission and justification of all such as contained any truth. So skillfully were they framed, that although many far-fetched inferences were drawn from casual remarks made by the prisoner, and gross exaggeration attended the whole, it was difficult for Staelburg to separate the true from the false, so as to enter upon any defence of his conduct; while the multiplicity of the charges could only be accounted for on the sup-

position that the same offence furnished ground for several accusations. The advocate, as in duty bound, pointed out to Staelburg the advantage of making any admissions which might induce the Inquisitors to act with leniency towards him. After these preliminary steps had been taken, the Promoter-Fiscal demanded, on behalf of the prosecution, the proofs of the allegations contained in his accusation; and the Holy Office prepared to examine witnesses to substantiate their case. As this must be a work of time, and it was contrary to every rule of the Inquisition to let the accused know anything of the evidence brought against him, he was again remanded.

The evidence on the part of the prosecution being completed, and the depositions of the witnesses ratified according to the forms observed by the Holy Office, the Inquisitors proceeded to inform the accused of so much of their substance as might serve to alarm him, and lead him to suppose his case was hopeless, without in any manner informing him of the names or character of his accusers. He found, to his amazement, that the depositions charged him with aiding and counselling one Marcus Malavox in his designs on the Romish faith, expressing himself opposed to the introduction of the Holy Office in the Netherlands, and maligning the ministers of religion in his presence; also assisting in the interment of that arch-heretic; and, further, with having consulted Frederick Hophman, a magician and necromancer, as to future events; together with many other offences, varying in magnitude.

After having communicated replies as guarded as possible to these and other matters deposed to by the witnesses, he was suffered to have a further consultation with his adviser in the presence of an Inquisitor, in order to deliberate on the means of defence.

His adviser, who was a man of as much honesty as was tolerable

in an officer of the Inquisition, did not conceal from him the danger which menaced him, and strongly urged him to accept humbly the absolution afforded to repentant sinners, and perform such acts of penance as should be required of him. His suggestions not being complied with, he proceeded to make inquiries as to the persons whom Staelburg could summon to bear witness to his orthodoxy, and the abhorrence in which he held heretical practices. To this Staelburg could only protest his own innocence, as he felt it impossible to produce any evidence of the fact. His advocate reminded him that, in the event of the proceedings terminating in an adverse manner, he could not be held responsible for the result; and retired to consider the best means to be taken, accompanied by the Inquisitor.

Staelburg's last pleas — which, being framed with great prudence, were very distasteful to the Holy Office — underwent considerable criticism at the hands of the Inquisitors, who, finding that it was difficult to prevail on the prisoner to criminate either himself or others, resolved to employ the torture. With this view they summoned him to a further audience, when he was again pressed to divulge whatever he had known amiss in the conduct of those with whom he associated at Leyden. They argued that, even in the case of his own brother, it was unlawful to have more care for the body than the soul, which latter would be undoubtedly lost in the event of contempt of the Inquisition.

The answer being unsatisfactory, two stalwart executioners forcibly gagged Staelburg, and conveyed him to the torture-chamber, where, his mouth being freed, he was shown the instruments of punishment, and again exhorted to confess. The surgeon of the Office then entered the apartment, and held a whispered conversation with the Chief Inquisitor. At the close of this consultation, the latter

motioned to the masked functionaries to bring the thumb-screws, and employ them as a means of reducing the accused to a becoming state of mind. These, with considerable care, were affixed to the thin hands of the unfortunate Count; while a notary, with great composure, arranged his writing-materials, so as to take down any expressions which the torture might wring from him. The surgeon placed himself in a position to watch the effect which the operation might have upon the victim, and one of the executioners commenced gradually to contract the screws to the required degree. Nothing but the blanched cheek, and tightly compressed lips of the prisoner, testified the agony inflicted upon him; and, used as the Inquisitors were to assumed determination, they became aware that they were dealing with a person of no ordinary resolution. The torturer was commanded to cease for an instant his avocation, while another appeal was made to the accused. The Inquisitor pointed out the repugnance the Holy Office had to resort to extreme measures, and her earnest desire to effect a reconciliation with mistaken members of the Church; and assured Staelburg that, even then, a full confession and repentance would procure his release. Scarcely able to speak, the unhappy Staelburg could but shake his head in token of refusal. As the tightness of compression occasioned by the thumb-screws was likely to produce very dangerous results on the weak frame of the prisoner, the surgeon commanded a suspension of the torment, not, however, until the violence of the pressure had forced the blood from the injured members. In order to enable Staelburg to undergo any further application of the question, a little water was dashed in his face, and he was allowed a short time to brace his nerves for a further trial. The other tormentor, whose burly figure Staelburg thought he had seen before, went to the opposite extremity of the room to adjust



the various implements of coercion there.

While the surgeon was again impressing upon the Inquisitor his ideas of the physical strength of the prisoner, a most piercing, unearthly shriek, reached their ears. Poor Staelburg, who, exhausted with pain, had almost sunk into unconsciousness, was roused by its wildness. The second executioner and the Inquisitor rushed to the spot, and returned bearing a man bleeding intensely from numerous wounds about the body, and still screaming in a most awful manner. The wounded wretch was the tormentor, whose mask falling off, revealed to Staelburg the coarse features of Michael the spy. Michael, the better to serve his employers, the Würmers, had formed the plan of handing over the object of their hatred to the mercies of the Holy Office, with which view, he had procured himself to be admitted first as a familiar of the institution, in which capacity he zealously engaged himself in obtaining proofs of guilt

against Staelburg; and, since his apprehension, had devoted so much attention to the mechanical instruments of the Inquisition, and displayed so much skill in their application, as to be appointed one of the tormentors of the prisoners. He had, it appeared, been engaged in preparing a draped female figure, covered with spiked knives, for the reception of those condemned to the question, when, accidentally disarranging the works, he became his own executioner, and received wounds of a most dangerous nature.

The luckless Michael was at once carried from the torture-chamber, to undergo medical treatment; and the Inquisitors, greatly alarmed at the accident which had befallen their accomplished tormentor, adjourned further administration of the question until a more convenient season. Staelburg, accordingly, was removed to the secret prison, there to remain till it should please the Inquisitors further to prosecute the subject.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ACTOR.\*

WE gather from the preface to this interesting volume, that these "Recollections" spread over the space of the last sixty years, and they therefore necessarily include anecdotes and episodes from the lives of England's greatest actors.

Every step in the professional life of an actor is always read with more or less interest by the majority of the public; indeed, there is a fascination about the "calling" and its renowned members that make it irresistible to the young, and they often serve as time-marks to the aged. How frequently do we hear from our fathers and grandfathers some such memories as—"Ah! when Kean first played Shylock at Drury Lane must be now—let me see—yes it must be—fifty years ago. How time flies to be sure!"

But what gives the chief charm to this little book, beyond most others on the subject, is that the author, now an aged man, has professionally lived with the celebrities that crowd the pages of his book, and he has had the high honour of playing with Edmund Kean. He has drawn from the life, and all his records he has heard with his own ears. There is a great comfort and satisfaction in reading books that embody actualities, and are not the emanations of the imagination.

The actor's profession is now in better repute than it was. Mr. Donaldson is most enthusiastic in its praises, and of course does not fail to quote Mr. Gladstone, who went so far as to say "that religion herself has not always disdained to find in it a direct hand-maid for the attainment of her own purposes."

Mr. Donaldson is laudably desirous for the permanent resusci-

tation of what has been termed the legitimate drama, and for this purpose he suggests "that a company be formed to elevate a theatre perfect in all its details, and capable of vying with the National Theatre of France; where the dramas of the noblest writer of them all may be represented with the adornments which the genius of Shakespere demands, and the leading people of the world expect." Indeed, the author's "hope in presenting his work to the public is that it may be found beneficial to the drama, and create an interest in the rising generation for the great plays and actors of the past." May the hope be realised! But we are very sure that Mr. Donaldson would agree with us when we say that the stage must be purified before it can ever again hold the place of teacher—which should be its legitimate office—amongst the community. Just now it is very popular, but it is by no means great, and altogether gives itself up to the amusement of the people, and loses sight of its higher office to instruct the mind and exalt the sentiments of mankind.

In this book, while the general reader will revel with great pleasure, the actor himself will find many useful professional hints. We hope that the whet the reader's appetite to make a larger acquaintance with Mr. Donaldson's book, and that the veteran author, whose address we publish in a note below, will be the gainer by our bringing his entertaining volume under notice.

TOM COOKE AND SIR JAMES SCARLETT.

In 1851 Tom Cooke announced himself on his benefit-night for the Seraskier in Storace's opera of 'The Siege of Belgrade.' This attempt took the town by surprise; for although Braham, two years previous, created a *furor* in the character, Cooke, by his masterly science, elec-

\* The little volume under this title was originally published by Messrs. Maxwell & Co., but it is now to be obtained from the author, Sidmouth Street,



trified the audience at the falling of the curtain. That silly custom was not then in vogue of calling people to rise from the stern and firm gripe of death, to come and make them a bow; no—the call when made was for a repetition of the opera.

This experiment of Cooke in trying his vocal powers lost Dublin its leader and composer. The news of Cooke's success was not slow in reaching London, and the result was an engagement at the Lyceum, then under the management of Arnold. 'The Siege of Belgrade' was produced; and such was the impression he made in the Seraskier, that both national theatres contested in a court of law for the services of the Irish vocalist and musician.

Drury Lane gained the day, and Cooke went over to that establishment as vocalist, composer, and director of music. Not only in a musical sense was he celebrated, but as a wit and mimic; he was noted in the latter department, and his mock Italian trio, where he imitated a prima donna, the lover, and old man, was pronounced of the first order of burlesque.

At the period the ancient ballad of the 'Old English Gentleman' burst on the world, two publishers laid claim to the copyright, as authors of the accompaniment. The case was tried in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Denman, who acted as judge. Tom Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness for one of the parties, and Sir James Scarlett (father of the general) was retained as counsel.

In the course of the trial, Sir James elicited the following evidence from Cooke:

*Sir James.* Now, Mr. Cooke, you say the melodies are the same, but different?

*Tom Cooke.* I said the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent.

*Sir James.* What is a musical accent?

*Tom Cooke.* When I explain any thing in music, I charge a guinea a lesson (*a loud laugh in court*).

*Sir James, rather ruffled.* Never

mind your terms. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it.

*Tom Cooke.* No.

*Sir James.* Can you feel it?

*Tom Cooke.* A musician can (*great laughter*).

*Sir James, enraged.* Now, sir, don't beat about the bush, but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent?

*Tom Cooke.* The accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note, as you would lay a stress on a particular word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say "You are an *ass*," the accent would rest on *ass*; but were I to say "*You* are an *ass*," it would rest on *you*, Sir James. (*Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the judge and bench joined*)

When silence was obtained, Lord Denman accosted the chopfallen counsel: "Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, deep-read as he was acknowledged, had become Scarlett, blushing like the rose, very unlike his brethren in general, and considering the tenor of Tom Cooke's evidence was not in accordance with the harmony of his feelings, being instrumental in holding him up to ridicule, Sir James, in rather a *con-spirito* style, told the witty Thomas Cooke to go down; and the popular vocalist and composer retired amidst screams of laughter and applause.

#### MANAGER THORNTON.

The old managers were celebrated for their wit and humour. Thornton, of the Reading circuit, was not the least among them: he was an especial favourite with George III. as an actor. Thornton was particularly happy in getting through a character without knowing much of the words of the author; but, in consequence of being absent at times, he committed strange blunders in some of his tragic attempts. One night at Gosport, while representing Biron in the tragedy of 'Isabella,' he died without giving the letter which un-

ravels the plot; and as he lay prostrate in the last scene, one of the performers on the stage whispered to him, "Mr. Thornton, the letter—the letter!" Thornton then rose up, took the letter out of his bosom, and said, "One thing I had forgot through a multiplicity of business. Give this letter to my father: it will explain all;" and lay down again in the arms of death.

#### ANECDOTES OF AMATEURS.

A distinguished barrister was educating his son for the same profession; but, instead of studying Coke and Littleton, this young gentleman was pondering over Shakespeare and Otway.

Weeks passed, and months. Still the law was neglected, and the house rang with "A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" At last the wise father hit upon the following expedient in order to cure his son's mania:—He took the Theatre Royal for one night, and proposed to his son to play his favourite piece of Richard III. Of course the young gentleman gladly fixed on—like all amateurs—the most difficult part. The wise father—who, of course, had orders *ad libitum*—sent them forth among his friends; and as the *claqueurs* are arranged and marshalled in Paris, so were those in Dublin arranged, and given their cue when to take up the points. The night arrived, and the tragedy commenced; but as no points were made in either the first or second act, all passed off quietly till the third began, and then were let loose the dogs of war, and cat-calls, whistles, and watchmen's rattles were commingled in one universal din that beggared all description. The curtain dropped, never to rise more on the futile attempts of the young lawyer. Thus was cured of all his tragic flights a youth who in after-years became an eminent barrister.

Another aspirant for histrionic fame in Dublin felt a penchant for the drama, but this stripling was not so favoured with a kind indulgent parent; quite the reverse: his father was both fiery and irritable, and had the greatest horror of a

theatre; in fact, he never entered one. This hopeful son arranged on the quiet to play Young Norval on an actor's benefit, and matters were so well managed that the old gentleman was kept in ignorance till the evening of the performance, and then by some unlucky chance it reached his ears. Instead of flying into a passion and marring the entertainment, he resolved to add to it. Accordingly, when the doors were opened, he took his seat in the stage-box, enveloped in a cloak and armed with a stout horsewhip.

At length the curtain drew up, and the tragedy, that was soon to be a comedy, commenced. The youthful Norval appeared, and was received with the accustomed applause, and began the well-known address, "My name is Norval." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the enraged father jumped up in the box and roared out, "You lie, you rascal! it isn't—its Mat Finnigan!" and, suiting the action to the word, jumped on the stage and seized the noble shepherd; when flourishing the whip over his head, Lord Randolph, who was a little in the rear, rushed forward to the rescue of his *protégé*, and received as hearty a horse-whipping as he could desire, while the house was convulsed with screams of laughter. The curtain dropped, and this proved the young gentleman's last appearance on any stage.

#### MISS O'NEILL.

Miss O'Neill made her *début* at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, in 1811, in 'The Soldier's Daughter,' as the Widow Cheerly. This young actress—for she was only nineteen years of age—succeeded two staid actresses of great abilities; and no matter whether as Volumnia, Constance, Juliet, or Lady Teazle, she proved that Ireland had not lost her prestige since the days of Woffington.\* Miss O'Neill left Dublin in 1815, and made her first appearance at Covent Garden in Juliet, and never

\* Mrs. Siddons in her 'Memoirs,' says: "No woman can reach perfection till the age of nine-and twenty or thirty."



in the metropolis was such an impression made by any actress—even Byron has left on record that he was fearful of trusting himself to witness Miss O'Neill's Juliet, fearing it might weaken the impression which Mrs. Siddons had left. Certainly, Miss O'Neill had one great advantage on the night of her *début*, she had the best Romeo since the days of the silver-toned Barry Conway, and it was remarked that she never acted so well with any other performer.

I am proud to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to any act of liberality on the part of a manager. Miss O'Neill, at the end of the season, must have been astonished when the manager, Henry Harris, handed to her £500 worth of diamonds—an act to which no parallel can be cited in the annals of the drama. Certainly she filled the theatre to the ceiling every night, and a full treasury was the consequence.

A pamphlet was published in London the first season that Miss O'Neill appeared, written by a man of literary talent, giving an outline of the young actress's talent and personal attractions. The following are some of its chief points: "There is a feminine and lovely delicacy in her features, such sweetness in her voice, such modest and graceful placidity in all her actions, that she seems peculiarly formed by nature for the sensibilities of private life; and I may venture with greater confidence on this declaration because I have the public voice with me.

"Miss O'Neill's representation of Mrs. Haller is the finest moral lesson that ever was delivered from the pulpit or professor's chair.

"This charming and youthful actress has rejected all pomp, pride, and circumstance of the studied, drilled, and mechanical heroine of the stage; discarding the trammels of custom, precedent, and conventional rules, handed down from one actress to another—pre'erring her own judgment and the pure effusions of nature working direct from the heart.

"On the first night of her appearance at Covent Garden, she established a fame by far exceeding that of *any* actress before her—although possessing the advantages of high provincial celebrity, years of experience, and family interest. Miss O'Neill is truly original; and previous to her *entrée* on the London boards, never witnessed any of the great people. Her figure is of the finest model—her features beautiful, yet full of expression—displaying at once purity of mind and loveliness of countenance. Her demeanour is graceful and modest, her voice melody itself in all its tones; and with the exception of the greatest actress of her day, the celebrated and original Lady Randolph—Mrs. Crawford—Miss O'Neill is the only actress with that genuine feeling that is capable of melting her audiences to tears. In her hand the handkerchief is not hoisted as the *only* signal of distress. Her pauses are always judicious and impressive; her attitudes appropriate and effective, either in regard to ease or dignity. She indulges in no sudden starts; no straining after effect; no wringing of hands, or screaming at the top of the voice; no casting her eyes round the boxes, searching for applause, or addressing her discourse to the lustre or the gods in the upper regions; no whining or pining, moaning or groaning, roaring or bellowing, 'out-heroding Herod.' No; the great beauty of Miss O'Neill is that she never o'ersteps the modesty of nature; thus casting to the winds all the little tricks which *secondary* actresses resort to."

Miss O'Neill made her last appearance in Queen Katharine, at Covent Garden, in 1819, to a crowded and brilliant audience, and retired from the London stage in her bloom, and in the full splendour of her triumphant career.

She visited the city that made her—Dublin—and played a round of her characters for the last time in public. She then became the

wife of Sir Wm. Beecher, M.P. for Mallow, county of Cork.

#### APPETITE OF STROLLING PLAYERS.

A gentleman living in the suburbs of Drogheda invited the manager to his house frequently to dine. As Harwood had seen service with Admiral Keppel, and as he had moved as a gentleman in Dublin and Edinburgh when attached to the theatres of those cities, he was a man who abounded in anecdote, and his society was consequently everywhere courted. Christmas being near, this gentleman considered a good dinner on the day that comes but once a year would be desirable, and accordingly he told the manager that he would present to the company a quarter of an ox. "I suppose," said he, "they can eat." "Yes, by my faith," cries Harwood, "they can ate indeed, but it would do your heart good to see them drink."

Generally speaking, actors are considered to have a greater penchant for the latter than the former. That is the great evil of the profession, as it is indeed of all professions, and of all who foolishly spend their money, injure their health, and shorten their days; and for what? It diverts the hard-earned cash into an improper channel—it feeds the useless and worthless; and scarcely a murder that is committed but the wretch acknowledges "drink to have been the cause."

#### THE PREACHING PLAYER.

There was an actor in Harwood's company, Macklin—no relation to Charles—educated in Trinity College, Dublin, for the Church. This talented man, instead of embracing the position laid out by his friends, made his appearance at the Crow Street Theatre, and became a stationary actor. Wild and intemperate companions brought on intemperate habits, and Macklin was discharged, and compelled to wander in the provinces, abandoned by his friends. When engaged, he acted; and when his necessities pressed, he preached.

Macklin may be called the first of open-air preachers. Such a mode of holding forth in highways and byeways was unknown fifty years back. Macklin was engaged as a star-preacher in a certain town, and all the walls were placarded with the name of the *reverend* gentleman.

Macklin was one of those that never said "no," when asked to take a glass; and on his way to the chapel where he was to preach, he was tempted, and had not the moral courage to resist. He sipped and sipped, and when he reached the conventicle and was ushered up into the pulpit, his pious meditations took such a turn that it was discovered reason was made prisoner, and the pious discourse so earnestly anticipated fell to the ground, while the orator was conveyed to his lodgings half-seas over.

Macklin when sober could declaim with effect, and once, on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh, he had a congregation of 6000 persons, that were rivetted and charmed with his oratorical powers. This singular character made it a rule never to remain more than two or three months in one locality. He annually made a circuit of the three kingdoms. When bordering on sixty years of age, a relative died and left him £400 a year, and then he changed and became entirely a new man.

#### A THEATRICAL CHALLENGE.

During the palmy days of the drama in Liverpool, when such men as Vandenhoff, Cooper, David Rees, James Browne, and Bass (not the brewer), were the exponents of the histrionic art, a London comedian made his appearance in one of his popular characters.

In the course of the performance, this said comedian grossly insulted Tom Power, a young actor of versatility both as a vocalist and harlequin.

When Power retired to his lodgings, he penned a challenge to the haughty London luminary, and demanded satisfaction for his insulted honour; for, although mov-



ing in a humble sphere, he was the son of an Irish gentleman, and felt the indignity cast on him as keenly as if he had filled the proudest position in the theatre.

The London star, on reading this discontented letter, immediately hastened to a gentleman of eminence in Liverpool, and asked his advice in the affair.

This gentleman said: "My dear sir, you must meet him; as a man of honour and a gentleman, you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction."

"Fiddlesticks! and don't talk to me about honour and gentleman," exclaimed the comedian; "my father was only a tailor!"

"No matter what your father was," replied the gentleman; "you are one of the first in your profession, and cannot decline the meeting."

"Nonsense," answered the star; "only think of the difference of our positions. I am a man of wealth—courted and looked up to; while this poor wretch has not a sixpence to call his own. A bullet through his stupid head would relieve him from all his miseries; while in me it would entail an irreparable loss to the drama and to society in general."

"But, then, your *honour*," urged the gentleman.

"Stuff!" exclaimed the comedian. "My dear sir, you will go to this fellow, and offer an apology?"

In this manner the affair was amicably settled, and the insulted actor was invited to a supper at an adjacent tavern to the Theatre Royal, in Williamson's Square; the repast provided for the occasion consisting of *two-Welsh rabbits and a quart of ale*.

Power, in 1822, related this circumstance to me in Liverpool.

MRS. GLOVER AS HAMLET.

On my arrival in London, in June, 1822, I was enlisted to fill a role in the tragedy of "Hamlet," at the Lyceum Theatre. Mrs. Glover assumed the part of the Prince of Denmark, and announced this extraordinary attempt as an attraction on her benefit-night.

XIV

This highly-gifted actress was not disappointed, for the theatre was filled in every part. Her noble figure, handsome and expressive face, rich and powerful voice, all contributed to rivet the attention of the *élite* assembled on this occasion; while continued bursts of applause greeted her finished elocution as she delivered the soliloquies so well known to her delighted auditors. In the stage-box were seated Edmund Kean, Michael Kelly, Munden, and the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. At the end of the first act, Kean came behind the scenes, and shook Mrs. Glover, not by one, but by both hands, and exclaimed, "Excellent! excellent!" The splendid actress, smiling, cried, "Away, you flatterer!" you come in mockery to scorn and scoff at our solemnity!" Mrs. Glover was the daughter of an accomplished actor—Betterton—who sustained a superior line of characters at the Dublin Theatre and at Covent Garden; and Miss Betterton's mind was not left in fallow, to pick up her education behind the scenes, but received in early life what all actresses should receive—a liberal education.

ANECDOTE OF BETTERTON.

Betterton entered into management in his native country, Ireland, and also conducted several theatres in the north of England.

His son, John Betterton, was a good actor and dancer, but had an impediment in his speech. At night on the stage it did not affect his delivery; while in common conversation he stuttered abominably.

While Betterton was travelling in a stage-coach with some gentlemen, the conversation turned on stammering and the difficulty in curing it. One said, "There is a person in London (Mr. Bonham) who professes to do away with it." "That," cried another, "is an impossibility; so he must be an impostor." Betterton, roused to anger, exclaimed, "I-I-I know th-th-that gen-tle-men; he-he-he is no im-p-postor; it was un-un-der him I-I wa-wa-was cured."

D

## THE NEW YEAR.

LET us welcome here  
 The glad New Year  
 With a song of praise heartfelt, sincere ;  
 And a respite give to the weary heart,  
 To enable it better to bear its part  
 'Mid the sorrows and woes that may up start  
 In its path through the coming year.

Clouds gather round,  
 And on the ground  
 The hardiest flower can scarce be found ;  
 But beneath the snow they are sleeping, all  
 Waiting the spring-time's breezy call,  
 And then 'neath the hedge and garden-wall  
 Will they rise in beauty crown'd.

The snow without  
 Is drifted about  
 And we catch the school-boy's merry shout ;  
 He is sliding along in boisterous glee,  
 With head uplifted and step so free,  
 While another follows—and plainly he  
 Is venturing along in doubt.

Ah ! now he's slipp'd,  
 For a stone has tripp'd  
 His foot, and he's soon in the water dipp'd.  
 They have haul'd him out with a deafening din,  
 And his face is clothed in a wretched grin ;  
 So we'll leave him there, and look within,  
 While the fragrant tea is sipp'd.

The pleasant light  
 Shines warm and bright  
 On the faces that cluster around to-night ;  
 The fearful heart doth banish fears,  
 The weeping eyes forget their tears,  
 And joyous every face appears  
 In the pleasant fireside light.

Who dares to say  
 On a winter's day,  
 When the sky is cloudy, and thick, and grey,



That no gladd'ning sunbeam doth appear?  
Methinks a voice, gentle and clear,  
And a loving smile, have more of cheer,  
Than the sun's most brilliant ray.

And the lowliest home  
Doth oft become  
Far happier than the prince's dome.  
A spirit patient, calm, resigned,  
Doth in its heaviest trials find  
Mercy and love lurking behind  
The woes that over come.

Then let *us* not fear  
When clouds appear,  
But ever remember help is near;  
And though our troubles be multiplied,  
And our hearts be sadly and sorely tried,  
There is ONE above who will be our Guide  
Through this and every year.

LUCINDA B.

## A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## JUDITH'S TRIAL.

WITH the death-trump sounding through the frail frame of Judith Shaw, she reached the school-house which she was never more to leave. Miss Burchell, who accompanied Judith to her home, felt intensely for the agony of grief she displayed, and although she looked upon the fair young schoolmistress as her successful rival in the affections of Eustace—what else could she think after the powerful influence she had shown over him by bringing him to the feast?—for the moment she ceased to look upon her as her rival, but magnanimously gave her looks of sympathy, and words of comfort, and sigh for sigh. She sat by Judith's side in the brougham, and supported the half-fainting schoolmistress by placing her arm round her waist.

"I am unworthy of your kindness, Miss Burchell," she cried.

"I regret that I cannot be of more service to you, Judith. And I might, if I knew the cause of your sufferings."

"Oh!" sighed Judith, "if you *did* know, you would say, what I feel, that I am unfit to live—unfit to die."

"Pray do not so accuse yourself."

"I cannot help myself, Miss Burchell. To accuse myself is the only relief I can get from my sins. To Heaven I have often and often prayed to be forgiven; but there comes no answer to my dark soul! Fancy! to be forsaken by Heaven!"

"You must not dwell on anything of the kind, Judith. You know very well that Heaven forsakes no one who looks up to it in spirit and truth."

Judith shook her head, and then, as if she suddenly made up her mind to communicate something, she abruptly said—

"Dear Miss Burchell, you were to have been married to Robert

Raymond—what did you think of him?"

"What can be the meaning of such a question? But do not let us talk about the dead, Judith."

"It would be some relief to hear from your own lips that you did not love him."

"Be relieved, then; I did not love him, although my father selected him to be my husband. Be as frank with me, Judith, and tell me in what manner this can possibly concern you?"

"Well, then, before he was to have been married to you, Robert courted me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Amy. "You astonish me. Then was he base enough to forsake you for me?"

"Would that were all!" she exclaimed, and fell back in a corner of the brougham.

"Come, Judith, come! Do not act so desparingly. I begin to see the source of your grief now."

"The source—only the source, Miss Burchell," cried Judith, after she had recovered from her slight swoon, and then, like one in a dream, she added, "But what have I been talking about?"

"That Robert Raymond courted you."

"To be sure he did. And would you believe it possible, that I, a poor schoolmistress, was vain and foolish enough to believe that I had won the love of a Raymond?"

"I see no error in that," said Miss Burchell, gently wiping away the beads of perspiration that stood on Judith's face.

"No error in that, perhaps, but it was the beginning of one that is beyond all hope of ever being forgiven."

"You would be happier, Judith, by taking some one into your confidence, and unburdening yourself."

"I could place my neck under the rolling carriage-wheels, but I could not do that. I have confessed



to Heaven, and received no absolution. What, then, could it avail me to make one of earth a party to my crime?"

"Crime! Oh, Judith, you know not what you say."

"I wish I did not. I wish my reason and my speech had fled. I shall go mad, I know, before I die!" She here pressed her cheeks between her hands, and gave a piteous moan.

Miss Burchell, offering her a scent bottle, which Judith put away with her hand, said—

"Now let us talk of *my* troubles, for I have troubles, too, Judith."

"I know you have, dear Miss Burchell, and I have often and often thought of you, and how I could serve you with Eustace. You love Eustace, don't you?"

"You like to hear *my* confessions, but so jealous of your own," said Amy, infusing some sprightliness of manner into her speech, with the amiable hope of arousing Judith from her inexplicable gloom.

"You need not be ashamed of yours, and I do not idly ask them, but that I have some idea that I could do something to restore the union between you and Eustace, who is a martyr to the crimes of others."

"Your words amaze me! Judith, are you conscious of what you say?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Burchell; and I think I can bring two loving hearts together that ought never to have been separated."

"You, Judith? How strangely you are talking!"

"I should like to do *some* good before I die."

"Plenty, I hope," said Amy.

"My time is short;—this night, perhaps. My brain feels as if cold galling chains were careering round it. I am warned to die, and I have no wish to live. But, oh, I should like to do some good for you and poor Eustace. You may think so, but I am neither dreaming nor raving, Miss Burchell, though this disturbance in my brain is enough to make me mad."

They had now reached the school-house, which had been left in charge of a grey-haired woman, whose venerable face beamed with peace and tranquillity. Before the coachman knocked at the door she had been reading her Bible, and the comfort she found there suffused her placid countenance. How marked the difference between her and Judith! she with all the beautiful indications of a well-spent life shining in every wrinkle of her face, the other wild and agitated, with the spirit of despair only to be traced in her countenance.

The old attendant expressed her surprise to see Judith return so early, and while the schoolmistress tottered to a seat, and threw off her bonnet and bent her head on the table, Miss Burchell explained that Judith had been more or less ill all day, and that she had expressed an earnest wish to return home.

"Mercy on us! Judith, dear, what ails thee?"

"Get me to bed, Sarah, for I shall die to-night," said Judith.

"Don't be sad, child don't be sad!" said old Sarah. "Die, indeed! none of us can tell when that event will happen. But it does not matter when if we are prepared to meet God face to face."

"I am *not* prepared," was Judith's solemn response. "Dark clouds hang over me, and obscure the path to Heaven. Oh, take me to bed—take me to bed!" and like one in a trance, she slowly left the little parlour, and walked to her bedroom, followed by Sarah and Miss Burchell.

After she had been assisted to bed, Judith sat up, looking very pale and very troubled, while her dark hair hung loosely over her white garment.

"Where is my father?"

"Don't you know that we left him at Sir William's?" replied Miss Burchell. "Let me now return to him, and say that you are better, for I marked his anxiety about you when you came away."

"Ah, poor man!—poor father! wicked daughter! Is that Miss Burchell there? Do take a seat, for I want to talk to you about Eustace."

"Poor thing, she's wandering!" said old Sarah.

"And she has been for some time," remarked Amy, who stood on one side the bed, while the aged attendant stood on the other.

"Indeed I am not," said Judith, petulantly; "did I not bring Eustace to the feast?"

"So you did, Judith, and we were all amazed at your success."

"Your father, Miss Burchell, said that I had wrought a miracle."

"It struck us all as miraculous," said Miss Burchell.

"And is it true that Mr. Eustace was at the feast?" asked Sarah, in surprise.

"Indeed it is—and I brought him there when no one else could," said Judith, in childish half-wandering tones.

"A miracle indeed!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Well, then, if I worked one miracle, cannot I work two?"

"To be sure you can, dear Judith," said Amy, humouring the singularly-disturbed fancy of the poor schoolmistress.

"But it was no miracle at all," said Judith,—"that I know and Eustace knows. 'Twas but an effect of a wicked cause that gave me power to bring Eustace to the feast." Here she lifted her eyes to the ceiling, gasped, and sank back on her pillow.

While Sarah, in alarm, hastened for sponge and water to bathe Judith's brow, Miss Burchell applied her elegant scent bottle to her nostrils. But Judith did not respond to these appliances, but lay passively, breathing hard, and sighing deeply.

Sarah suggested that she should fetch Dr. Worsley, and then Judith, in half-raving tones, exclaimed—

"Fetch me no doctor! Send my poor father to me! I cannot die until I have seen him once more. I am on my trial—send my

poor father to me!—send my father to support me! And Eustace, too, I must see him, and arrange your wedding Miss Burchell. I must work another miracle ere I die. Be quick, for my hour of death surely approaches. And then, Robert, you and I must appear for sentence for our sins! Where is my father? Fetch him, Sarah, for I cannot die until I have seen him! Oh! I'm burning! burning-up! Would all were known, then I could lie down with the wicked! Baby shall come from the deep, and accuse us!"

Sarah and Miss Burchell looked at each other, and the former gently said—

"What baby, dear Judith?"

She stared, and then trembled till the bed seemed to shake under her.

"'Baby!' whatever are you talking about, Sarah? I asked you to send for my father. Where is he?"

Miss Burchell left the room, and instructed the coachman, who was waiting with the brougham to take her back to Sir William's, to hasten thither and report to Mr. Shaw the alarming illness of his daughter, and her earnest request for him to come to her immediately.

When Amy returned to the chamber, Judith fixed her wild-looking eyes on her, and as if she had forgotten seeing her before, she exclaimed—

"Miss Burchell, I declare! Oh! how I wish Eustace was here, for I'm sure he loves you."

"He did once, Judith, but that is all passed now."

"Love is never-dying — never passes away."

"Is that your experience, Judith?" asked Amy.

"Oh! Miss Burchell, do not ask me about my experiences. They have been black and wicked. Why was it permitted me to do so much evil? Teaching little children to do good, and yet myself to have been full—full of crime!"

Old Sarah smoothed Judith's hair, while she tenderly said—



"You are filled with delusions, dear. Oh! compose yourself. Rest on the pillow, and be calm."

"Calm! Could you be calm if you were burning and not consuming? Put out the fire, and then tell me to be calm!"

"What fire, dear Judith?"

"Oh! Robert, Robert, kill me; but you shall not harm the child!" Here she sobbed, buried her face in her hands, and piteously moaned, while she rocked herself to and fro.

Miss Burchell became very uneasy, and whispered to Sarah how much she wished that Mr. Shaw had arrived. At this moment Judith suddenly looked up, and said—

"How every evil becomes intensified when a dying person is making up accounts with Heaven. The child is at rest now, dear little soul! Give me some water to wash my hands. Look at the moon, Robert! it seems turned to blood! Look! and the stream runs red, too! Or is it but the reflection of the deed you've done? It is not in my power to forget, so do not ask me, Robert. I might have fled the place, and saved my child—but you had no feeling for the child or mother. Oh! Robert, Robert, and now here we stand before Heaven, the guiltiest pair that ever breathed! Oh! I long to die—and yet my burdened soul stands in fear to fly. Why does not father come? Ha! I know why, poor man! Eustace has told him what a guilty thing he owns for daughter, and he will not come to me more. Oh! that is dreadful, dreadful—to be so bad to make a father shun you!"

Overcome with grief—racked with despair—tormented with her guilt—she dropped her head again upon the pillow, and with both her hands clasped her brow, and closed her eyes.

Old Sarah continued to bathe her temples with cold water, and Amy watched the troubled girl with great anxiety, while she felt impatient for the arrival of Mr. Shaw.

She conversed in low tones with the aged attendant, upon the propriety of obtaining the assistance of a doctor, earnestly recommending Sarah to delay no longer in going for one.

"Oh! what can a doctor or his drugs do for a guilty wretch like me?" said Judith, turning her head on the pillow, and gazing vacantly round the room. "He cannot bring back the murdered, nor cleanse the heart from sin, nor 'raze from the memory a rooted sorrow!'"

"Dear Judith, you know not what you say; you are torturing yourself with wild fancies," said Sarah. "A little physic—"

"Physic! psha! It is *you* that know not what you say. But I must get up and prepare my school. The children will be here directly."

"Why, it is night, dear Judith."

"Night indeed, to me!" she exclaimed. "The blackest, stormiest night to my poor soul! in which bright morning ne'er will dawn again.—Don't look so sad, Miss Burchell."

"I am only sad to see you so ill, Judith," replied Amy.

"Ah, see!" exclaimed Judith, with a deep-drawn sigh. "In the river! in the river!"

"What river, Judith?" inquired Sarah.

"You know well enough. The Holme."

"Oh, yes, I know the Holme. But what of it? Why does the river Holme trouble you?"

"Search the bottom—there lies my grief—my guilt!"

"Dear Judith, why does your mind run so much upon guilt?" asked Amy.

"Because it is full—full! But why should you stop here in company with crime? with crime that would make your innocent soul shudder to hear?"

Miss Burchell was but little qualified to grapple with such a serious case as Judith Shaw's. She had been brought up within the genteel routine of a boarding-school, where the best feelings of

the heart were taught to be repressed, the gushing enthusiasm of youth and feminine friendship dammed up, and the "genial current of the soul" frozen.

This was the first time that Amy had been a witness of a tortured heart—of a young soul agonised with secret crime—of a fair sister yearning for consolation and comfort in her heavy repentance—and for some good Samaritan to lead her by the hand out of the dark ways in which she had wandered.

Miss Burchell knew not what to say, nor how to act, with the grief-mad Judith. Poor wretched thing! she cried for help, but those who heard her cry were too weak of purpose to respond. There she lay writhing and struggling with the agony of her pent-up crime, obviously yearning for some strong, earnest, Christian sister, who would take her to her bosom, and by gentle force impel her to relieve herself by confession.

Judith cried aloud that she had sinned—but those who heard her would not believe. She told them she was dying—but this was attributed to a passing aberration of the mind. But Miss Burchell and old Sarah deeply pitied her, and did what they could—which was not much—to alleviate her. But neither of them had the required tact for the great emergency, and they were equally unprepared to "minister to a mind diseased."

Old Sarah, although she was full of Bible truths and Bible comforts for the mourning and afflicted, could make no use of them in a time of need, and she seemed only to learn them for consolation to herself. But this did not spring from selfishness on the part of the good old soul, but from deficiency of aptitude; like an unskilled surgeon, she had the instruments of relief in her possession, but did not know how to apply them for the advantage of her patient.

And we may make the same apology for Amy. She had a feeling heart, and a tender soul, but through a false, cold training, and

an isolation from the world, and the hearts that sang, and the hearts that bled therein, and still more from her own unfitness to impart the consolations of the Gospel, she was totally unfit to be Judith Shaw's confessor.

Some excuse, too, must be made for the two attendants—and this must be found in the tragic demeanour and words of Judith. Oh! they were enough to appal and paralyse the strongest and most practical minds, and make them shrink in horror from her.

Whether her words were only the raving of a disturbed or diseased brain, or whether they were the true emanations of a guilty conscience, the listener to them, from the lips of one so young, so fair,—with a countenance by nature so mild and simple, yet now distorted by a wild tempestuousness careering over it—could not but be dismayed and awed.

With an unnatural smile, Judith again sat up, put back her hair behind her ears, and then said—

"Do you know that I *was* to have been Lady Raymond?" and then she laughed loudly. Suddenly stopping her mad display of laughter, she gravely continued—"Oh! how vain of me ever to have believed in such a thing! I deserved the cruel deception practised on me for being such a fool! Do sit down, Miss Burchell. Ah! when *you* are Lady Raymond you will not condescend to visit such a poor soul as me. Eustace is the heir now—you are his love. Oh! I quite look upon you as his bride—"

"You are indeed dispensing bright things for me, Judith," interrupted Amy, as sprightly as it was possible for her to be; for she, too, had a heart but ill at ease, yet for the sake of Judith she struggled to forget herself, and affect a cheerfulness that she did not feel. "But you talk so much about Eustace that I begin to be jealous of you, and fear that you love him."

"Me love Eustace? Oh! you don't fear that. I have loved and



lost, and shall never love again. Eustace hates me, and will be glad when the earth covers me, and my name forgotten."

"For why, Judith?"

"Because I've murdered his peace, and brought disgrace upon his name!"

"How can that be, when no one can bring him from his hermitage but you?"

"That is a secret;—oh, my head!—but I cannot die while it remains untold. Yet, who is to tell it—that tale of the river?" Here she sobbed and sobbed, and spasmodically called for her father. "And when he comes how shall I meet him? He who gave me being, and nurtured me, and lived only for my good, and thought of nothing but my happiness! Oh! so dear a father, and so treacherous a child! He can never bless me more—no, not even now I come to die."

"Do be more of a woman, Judith," said Sarah, firmly, yet kindly. "Let me know what troubles you, and I may be able to soothe and comfort you."

"Yes, dear Judith," said Amy, "take courage and relieve your oppressed mind. Peace follows confession. All of us will be glad to share your grief, and to do the best we can to solace you."

For a while Judith spoke not in reply, but moaned and moved her body to and fro, as one in deep agony; then she looked up and cried—

"In the river! in the river! Ah! me, if you but knew the story, you would fly from me as from a demon. Solace, indeed! No, no—no, no—I must go through the fire and be purified. My crimes are great; too great for repentance! Mine is not a little sober sorrow, good friends, a little passing sickness, to be healed with physic, nor soothed with kind words and loving attention. Do you think it is? Can you believe that I would suffer thus for trifles? Oh, no, no! My soul's at stake—my soul is lost!"

Old Sarah at this found in her

memory an appropriate text of Scripture, and quoted it.

"That's not for me," said Judith.

"Yes, my dear, for all mankind. 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool,'" she repeated.

"Oh, Sarah, mine *are* scarlet sins."

"Well, my child, you have heard the promise, do rest upon it."

She here took Sarah's brown and aged hand between hers, as white as snow, and with a somewhat subdued countenance, looked in her face and said—

"But is there not a condition to that forgiveness?"

"Yes—repentance."

"Ah," sighed the distressed girl, "there's always something to obstruct my progress, both here and hereafter."

"You seem like one repentant."

"The repentant are happy. Do I look happy, Sarah? You do not like to answer. Oh, Sarah, mine is a proud and stubborn heart, one that will neither break nor bend. I am miserable—truly miserable—but that's not repentance, is it Sarah?"

"Pray for help, dear child."

"Oh, I have prayed—prayed night and day; but there always hangs a black, impenetrable cloud between my voice and the ear of Heaven. It is as I tell you, Sarah," she added, weepingly, and fell back on her pillow.

The wheels of the brougham carrying Mr. Shaw and Eustace, were now heard, and presently they stopped at the school-house. Amy was much relieved by this, and Sarah hastened to admit them.

During the short journey Mr. Shaw had fortified his mind for the worst. Although there was a certain amount of unusual haste and excitement, even bewilderment, about his manner, it was quite evident that the poor man was hiding the storm of his grief, and kept it within the bounds of his own soul.

"Where is Judith—where is she? She is better, I hope, than when I was sent for?"

"She is in bed, sir, and very ill;

her mind is wandering," replied Sarah, as she led the way up the white but narrow stairs.

"Wandering towards the truth, I trust," observed Mr. Shaw, in calm accents, while, as he followed Sarah, he held tightly by the banister to support his tottering steps as he ascended the stairs to his daughter's chamber.

Eustace Raymond remained at

the foot of the staircase, resting his elbow on the banister, and his head on his uplifted hand, while with the other he ruminatingly grasped his flowing beard. His countenance was tortured with the pangs of suspense and fear, and was more like a person who was doomed to a terrible fate without one spark of courage, one ray of philosophy, to meet it.



## ROMANCE OF THE SEAL AND WHALE FISHERY.

## PART I.

It was a bitterly cold morning in the beginning of February, 185-, when we mounted the mail-coach at Aberdeen to go to the most easterly point in Scotland—Peterhead. We had been appointed surgeon of one of the seal and whale-fishing vessels of that port, and were on our way to join her. Down Union-street, and along King-street-road we went, feeling intensely cold, for during the night there had been a keen frost which had covered the pools with ice, and made the ground almost as hard as stone. We dashed along the road at a rattling pace, a biting north wind blowing in our faces, making us envy those who were snugly ensconced inside. Arrived at Ellon we did justice to our breakfast, congratulating ourselves that the worst was over. But for intense cold we would be ready to back the drive on the mail-coach from Ellon to Peterhead, against any other in Scotland, particularly when a strong north or east wind is blowing. We shudder even yet at that drive through Cruden and round Stirling Hill, from which point Peterhead first comes into view. Far into the German Ocean it runs, tapering to a point; the blue waters seem, from our elevated position, beyond the chimneys and spires, while to the south curves one of the most beautiful semicircular bays on the east coast of Scotland. Small, very small, seems this sea-locked town, suggesting to us the question, can this be the greatest seal and whale-fishing port in Great Britain? And yet it is the case. With a population of about 10,000, Peterhead sends to the icy regions, and has done so for many years, more vessels than any other port in Great Britain; aye, at one time, as many as all the other ports put together.

We have said it is the most easterly point in Scotland, and as

its granite headland peers far into the northern main, it can be no matter of wonder that during the winter months the cold in it is very intense. Perhaps it is from this circumstance that it rears a hardy race of fishermen and sailors, who ply their craft either in the waters that wash the rock-lined coast, or sail to that more dangerous region, the Arctic seas. In former days the Keith Inch, or Quenzie, a small island forming the most easterly point, was the rendezvous of the Dutch fishermen who annually visited the coast; and so valuable did they consider this spot that they offered to cover it with dollars if they would allow them to become its possessors. The offer was, however, refused. Now few Dutch fishermen visit it, but during the herring season boats from the various fishing villages along the coast come there to prosecute their calling, and there can be no finer sight than to watch them leaving the harbour on a beautiful summer evening. One after another they gradually move out to sea, and spreading their dark sails to the wind, skim o'er the waters like so many things of life. From the opposite side come the Boddam boats, as if running to meet their brethren, and as each tacks and makes for the open sea the sight is most enchanting. Before you lies a fleet of upwards of four hundred sail, dotting with black specks the blue-green ocean, and as their distances increase you could almost believe that they were so many sea-fowl, skimming the element which was to them a home.

From its position Peterhead seems to have been intended by nature as the starting-point for vessels to the Arctic seas. The enterprise of its inhabitants, and the improvements made of late years on its harbours, have added greatly to the increase of vessels; and so deeply are men of all classes engaged in this

branch of trade, that it has been said, with reference to the town, that it is "founded upon blubber, and girded with whalebone." Previous to our arrival the general success for a series of years had been so great, that the number of vessels had vastly increased, and it was feared by the more cautious and sensible of the inhabitants, that, should the tide of success turn, the speculation which had been the making would also be the ruin of Peterhead. This fear has been realised, for a succession of unfortunate years has greatly diminished the number of the vessels, caused great stagnation in every branch of trade, and changed Little Liverpool, as it is facetiously called by its inhabitants, from a bustling into a very quiet place.

It was in the year 1788 that Peterhead sent the first vessel to the icy seas. She was named the "Robert," manned by a crew of Peterheadians, and commanded by a captain and officers from Hull, then the principal whale-fishing port. It was a day of great excitement in this ordinary quiet little town when the "Robert" left the harbour, and three hearty cheers were given by the relations and friends of those on board for their success. But if the quays showed an animated sight when she left, the crowd was still greater when she was reported in the "offing," and piloted into the harbour. A sea of eager faces watched her entrance, and when to the hail of "What luck?" Captain Harrison replied 1½ tons, each turned an anxious face to the other and went homeward disconsolate. Next year, returning "clean," Harrison was removed, and Captain Peacock, from Hull, put in his place. The first year's success was an improvement on that of the former; but when, after a series of ten years, expenses had not even been paid, the owners began to complain, and refused to have anything more to do with this branch of trade. They hinted at remarks openly made by the seamen that they were not allowed to strike the fish when they came

within their reach, and declared that the fact was notorious that Peacock was bribed by the Hull captains not to catch them, lest Peterhead should become a formidable rival to their own port.

The principal owners combated this idea by assuring them that it was not at all probable that a captain would act contrary to his own interests when his salary depended on the amount of oil he obtained. The objectors, however, declared that such was the case, and brought forward fact after fact to substantiate what they had hinted at, until they seemed to make an impression even upon the captain's supporters. They finished by contrasting the fact of almost all the other vessels returning every year "full ship," while the "Robert" had not enough even to pay the voyage, and said that having now given it a fair trial of ten years, they were surely entitled to keep to their determination of having nothing more to do with the whale-fishing.

To this determination two of the principal owners would not agree, assuring their colleagues that the tide of ill fortune must soon turn, and that they ought to give it at least another trial with a captain and officers belonging to their own port. This proposal was at once scouted as ridiculous, for the majority were of opinion that there was no one in Peterhead fit to command the vessel, and that it would only be a further waste of money. Slightly irritated at this, the two declared that, rather than allow this branch of trade utterly to fail in Peterhead, they would buy up the shares of the objectors, and send the vessel out at their own expense. The names of those men who showed so much determination and far-sightedness were George Arbuthnot and John Hutchison, better known by the name of the "Kornel." As they went home from this meeting they talked of the ugly reports which had been so openly expressed regarding the captain, and to them it seemed preposterous that any man would act in such a foolish



and dishonest manner. Notwithstanding this, there seemed to be a doubt on both their minds, and as they parted the Kornel declared, with his usual promptitude, that he would soon settle the matter and remove all doubt, by seeing some of the men, and making particular inquiries concerning the reports that had been circulated.

Next morning, while taking a walk on the quay, he happened to meet one of the harpooners of the vessel, named John Souter, *alias* Gweedy. The latter name he afterwards acquired on account of the extraordinary success which marked his career as a Greenland skipper. Accosting him, the Kornel said—

"A fine morning, Johnny."

"Aye, a fine moornin', sir."

"So you've got home again from Greenland. A poor voyage this year, John?"

"Aye, gey puir! Only twal and three quarter tuns."

"It's very queer, John, that all the rest of the vessels are well fished but you. How is it?"

"Aye, it's queer," returned John,

"What is the cause of it?—did you see no whales?"

"Oh, aye! lots o' whal's."

"Could you not get at them, then,—was that the reason?"

"Oh, na! we didna get at them," answered John, cautiously.

"How was that?—had you not men fit to go after them, or were you afraid?"

"Na, na! we had plenty o' men, and we werna feart."

"Come now, John, be honest with me. Were you not allowed to strike them?"

"We didna happen to strik ony bit the sma ane that we got—jeest aboot twal tun she wis—nae muckle mair."

"But were you prevented from striking them?" again inquired the Kornel, a little nettled by John's prevarication.

"Maybe we wis, and maybe we wisna," said John, cautiously, looking up into the Kornel's face with a queer smile.

"Oh, yes, John; I see how it is.

The suspicions I have long had, I find to be correct; that Peacock has been put up to this by the Hull people."

"I didna say that, I'm sure!"

"No, no; you did not say so. Keep your mind easy on that subject; nobody shall know what has passed between you and me.—So the owners are quite right, after all," said he to himself aloud. "Well, I'll take care that this shall be the case no longer. Peacock shall not be another day in the ship; and what is more, I'll put a Peterhead captain in her! John, what do you say to being captain of the 'Robert'?"

"Me captain o' the 'Robert!'" cried John, in surprise. "Na, na—I'll no be captain o' her."

"Why not? You cannot do worse than Peacock. Make a trial of it."

"Na, na—I'll mak' nae sic trial! Gie her to some ither body."

"But I know no other person to whom I could give her. Do try one voyage in her?"

"Na, na; I'll dee nae sic thing. But I'll tell you what—gie her to Sandy Geary; he's the best harpooner in her, and a capital sailor. If you like, I'll gang as his mate, and we can baith try oor luck."

"Well, well—I'll see about it," said the Kornel, reflecting for a little. "But would you not try it yourself?"

"Na, na; try ye Sandy Geary. Him and me weel dee oor best, and we canna dee mair."

Leaving John, the Kornel went to Mr. Arburthnot, and informed him of what he had heard. The latter, very much surprised at the intelligence, was as ready as Mr. Hutchison to follow out the suggestion made by Mr. Souter. They therefore called a meeting of the shareholders, laid the matter before them, and, after a good deal of opposition, gained their point. The result was found to justify their most sanguine expectations, for the "Robert" returned the first season with seventy tons, and for a succession of years made most extraordinary voyages. From this

time the trade of the place increased, and "Little Liverpool" may date its rise from that conversation held on its quay. The amount of capital then engaged did not perhaps exceed £2,500, while at the time we sailed from it the sum involved must have been fully £165,000. When the fishing commenced, the population of the town was about 3,000; while at the time we speak of it had risen to 10,000, of which more than 1,000 would have been engaged in that trade.

At first the vessels were only sent to Greenland, but in the year 1821, finding the whales very scarce in the usual fishing-ground, four of the vessels made a trial of Davis Straits. They were so eminently successful—making an average of  $190\frac{1}{4}$  tons—that the number next year increased to seven, which made an average of 124 tons, and in the following year the unprecedented one of  $217\frac{1}{2}$  tons. Incited by this success, a greater number of vessels went every year, until, in 1829 and 1830, they all went to Davis Straits. In the latter year, two being lost, and the success very indifferent, recourse was again had to Greenland by a few, the number gradually increasing every season, until in 1841 none went to the Straits. Since that time the number of vessels going to either part has varied pretty much with the success, and according as they were whalers or sealers. This latter branch of trade was at first only prosecuted when the seals came in their way, but in the year 1831 more attention was paid to it, and it began to assume those gigantic proportions which in later years it has acquired. Now some vessels go to the seal-fishing alone, but as the whale-fishing at East Greenland and Davis Straits can be prosecuted after the former is over, most of the vessels are equipped for both, and thus have two chances of success, in both of which they very rarely fail.

To give some idea of the traffic created by this branch of commerce

in Peterhead, it may be stated that, from first to last, it has had fifty-eight vessels engaged in it, of the gross tonnage of 15,617 tons, the average size of each being 269 tons. Assuming the value of these vessels at £20 per ton, including provisions and wages, a very low average, the total first cost would have been £312,340. Of these a number were sold, thirteen lost at Davis Straits, four at Greenland, two at the Baltic, and one at each of the following places;—Iceland, Moray Firth, Archangel, and the North Sea. The total number of complete voyages to the end of 1864, was 827, of seals caught 1,300,000, of whales  $3930\frac{1}{2}$ , making in all 48,552 tons of oil, and 1931 tons of whalebone, of the approximate value of £2,573,260 sterling. The greatest number of seals caught in one year was 131,099 in 1855, equal to at least 1,500 tons of oil, valued, with skins, at from £80,000 to £90,000; and the greatest number of whales 278 in 1823, equal to 2,218 tons of oil, then, with whalebone and bounty, worth £81,264, but now fully £117,554. The best average over all, at Greenland and the Straits, was in the year 1814, when seven vessels had each no less than  $198\frac{1}{2}$  tons; and the lowest was in the year 1836, when eleven vessels had only an average of eight tons. The greatest number of vessels possessed by Peterhead at one time, was 31, in the year 1857, worth, at a moderate computation, £165,000. The greatest cargo ever known to have been brought from the northern seas, was in the year 1814, when Captain Souter, of the *Resolution*, of Peterhead, caught 44 whales, yielding 299 tons of oil, old measurement, which sold for £9,568, raised, by the bounty and whalebone, to about £11,000. A vessel of the same name, and of the same port, in the years 1855-56-57, cleared for her owners no less a sum than between £15,000 and £16,000. The greatest amount cleared by the whole fleet, in one season, was £65,000, and that upon a capital much less than what is now invested in the seven steamers sent from



Dundee. The shortest successful voyage, ranging over six weeks, was made by the steam-ship *Innuvit*, of Peterhead, in the year 1858, on which occasion Captain Souttar landed  $155\frac{1}{4}$  tons of seal oil, and divided to his common hands for the trip, no less a sum than £60 each. Many other vessels belonging to this port, such as the *Active*, *Intrepid*, and *Polar Star*, might be mentioned, as having, in the aggregate, brought a mine of wealth to their owners. This is particularly the case with the first, whose Captain, a descendant of the men who first raised Peterhead as a whale-fishing port, and seemingly imbued with their spirits, is by far the most intelligent man in the trade, and may be called a third Scoresby, both on account of his intimate knowledge of the country and uniform success.

The value of a cargo of seal and whale oil, is very different now from what it was when Peterhead first engaged in the trade. Rather more than one hundred years ago, whale oil sold at the low rate of £14 per ton, but at the beginning of the present century, it had risen to £50, and in 1813 attained the maximum of £60. Next year it fell to £32, owing to the extraordinary fishing, no less a sum than £700,000 being considered the value of the produce brought into British ports this season. From that time to the present it has varied very much in price, at an average over all of about £30, bringing, in 1863, from £48 to £50, but falling in 1864, to from £43 to £45 per ton. Seal oil has also fluctuated very much in value, bringing, in 1863, £48 10s., and in 1864, £49, while the average over all would be about £35 per ton. The seal skins vary in price according to size and quality, some being as low as three shillings, and others as high as eight or nine shillings each. Though the price of whalebone has increased very much of late years, owing to its being extensively used for ornamental purposes and ladies' dresses, the Dutch occasionally obtained much higher prices than ever we

have done. During last century they frequently got £700 a ton, and when they had the monopoly of the fishing, were accustomed to draw annually from England no less a sum than £100,000 for this article alone. In 1763, it brought £500, and exactly one hundred years afterwards £580. During that period, however, it had been as low as £60, but gradually rising, it reached its culminating point in 1863, falling again, next year, to £480.

The difference in the price of the vessels employed in this trade has also varied, and is much greater than that of those engaged in another. This is owing to their being built of very great strength: the bow, particularly in the interior, being one net-work of strong oaken beams interlacing each other, so that, should this port be exposed to any extreme pressure, its power of resistance is most wonderful. Besides this, on the outside it is fortified by what they call "doubling" and "trebling" of wood, and, over all, in the part most exposed to the ice, there are thick plates of iron, to prevent the ice from tearing the wood. In addition to this, there have to be provided tanks or barrels for the reception of the blubber, seven boats, for each of which there must be at least six whale-lines and fishing implements, such as harpoonguns, gun and hand harpoons, lances, seal clubs, flensing knives, and other minor articles necessary to the trade. A first-class vessel engaged in this trade, ranging from 300 to 400 tons, would cost, for the mere vessel, £5,000; tanks, whaling gear, &c., £2,500; provisions and wages for the voyage, £1,500; total, £9,000. The value of provisions for a voyage to Greenland alone is £650; for Greenland and Davis Straits, £800; and the expenses of the crews averaging from 50 to 60 men, about £240 per month; while to all these must be added insurance, which is at the rate of three guineas for Greenland, nine for Greenland and Davis Straits, and seven for Davis Straits

alone, the annual deterioration being at the rate of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The number of tons necessary to pay the expenses of such a vessel depends entirely upon the value of the produce, which fluctuates, as we have already shown, very much, a mean approximate being 50 tons. Steam-ships, which have lately been employed with great success in this trade, are much more expensive than sailing vessels, both in original cost and working. Dundee, which has taken the lead in this matter, at first got vessels of large tonnage, costing from £15,000 to £18,000; but finding that the smaller and less costly vessels were equally well adapted to the trade, and worked at far less expense, they have of late converted some of their old sailing vessels into steamships, at a cost of not over £2,000 each, and been uniformly very successful. There can be no doubt that a steamship can embrace opportunities, and shift from place to place in seas crowded with ice, and exposed to sudden calms, with a facility to which a sailing-vessel can never lay claim. This has been clearly shown during the past season, for after the captain of the "Intrepid" had spent two days in sawing and blasting a lane through the ice, in order to get at the seals, and all was apparently doing well, "the Dundee steamers came up, steered through the passage, smashed into the pack, and cleared everything before them, following up the seals, and filling their vessels in about a fortnight, almost within hail of the sailing-ships, most of which could not push their way in." All these returned with most extraordinary voyages, the "Camperdown" bringing no fewer than 20,000 seals, the largest number that was ever brought home by one vessel. With such facts before them the inhabitants of Peterhead, proverbially slow in making changes, have been compelled to bow to the omnipotent power of steam, and intend to convert some of their first-class vessels into steamers, and we have no doubt, should this

be continued, that Peterhead will soon take the lead in sending steamships, as it has long done in sending sailing-vessels, to those dangerous seas that wash the Arctic shores.

The day subsequent to our arrival, after receiving and giving three hearty cheers to the crowd of men and women assembled at the pier-head to witness our departure, first of the Greenland fleet, we bounded over the palpitating waters on our way to those icy regions where we were to spend the next few months. At Shetland we stopped some time to complete our complement of men, and then we were really off to the regions of eternal frost.

We bowled along over the broad Atlantic, each one more anxious than another to catch the first glimpse of ice. For days we pursued our course, but nothing was to be seen, and we began to feel disappointed at not viewing those floating masses that had been a dream of joy to us from our youngest days. We longed to gaze upon the unsullied purity of the icebergs, their stately majesty, and their fantastic forms. Our desire, however, was not yet to be gratified; but, as if to whet our appetite for the sight, there occasionally floated past us fragments of the pack\* to which we were approaching. These were white, when not covered by the water; but when they rolled over into the surging waves, they reflected their hues of green and blue, sometimes glittering with tints of even rainbow splendour. Past us they went to warmer regions, melting in their course, and assuming the most fanciful shapes. At one moment a large piece would shoot into the air, enchanting us with its alabaster whiteness and grotesque form; while others, crunching

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\* To prevent any misunderstanding, we may state that a mass of sheet ice, whose limits can be discerned from the ship's mast-head, is called a "floe." When it is so extensive that its limits cannot be seen, it is called a "field." When these are broken up into masses of various shapes and magnitudes, not exceeding a quarter of a mile in diameter, they are called "pack," or "drift," ice.



against each other, would scatter into the air loose fragments, which glistened in the sunlight with all the prismatic colours.

The mate had said we would be fairly among the ice the day after we made the pack, for he had noted a "blink" on the horizon. This is a bright appearance, or light haze, always distinguishable above ice or snow-covered land, evidently caused by the glare of light reflected obliquely from the surface of the ice against the opposite atmosphere. This shining streak—always brightest in clear weather—indicates, some twenty or thirty miles beyond the limit of direct vision, not only the extent and figure, but even the quality, of the ice; the "blink" from packs being pure white, and that from snowfields having some tinge of yellow. Accordingly, the following morning, going hurriedly on deck, we found the ship approaching a large floe of ice, some miles in breadth. Its white, shining surface extended to the right and left as far as the eye could reach; and as beyond it clear water could be discerned from the mast-head, the captain endeavoured to force his way through it, but finding this impossible, he was compelled to sail along it, and search for an opening. A narrow channel having been discovered, after half a day's search, we threaded our way through it by means of the sails, and when the wind fell, by the boats, or ropes drawn along the ice, sawing, blasting, and smashing the ice that was in our way. This took us a long time, for many things combined to retard us, and before we finally left the floe and got into clear water we had spent nearly three days in this tiresome work. However, the pleasure of bowling lightly over the water amply repaid us for our hard and wearisome labour.

For days we steadily kept our course, piercing through the various kinds of ice that opposed our progress, but never seeing any iceberg, such as we had fancied existed in those regions. We saw fields and floes of ice, with hummocks, or pieces forced up by the

contact, but those gleaming and gigantic masses were nowhere to be seen, and we were a little chagrined when told by the mate that they were seldom found at Greenland, and that it was only at Davis Strait they reached those enormous proportions of which we had often read. And still we were not to be altogether disappointed; for while threading our way through the ice in a dense fog, our vessel occasionally receiving such severe blows that had she not been very strongly fortified must have stove her in, the mist suddenly cleared away, and a scene of most enchanting beauty burst upon us. All around was a vast array of marble monuments of all sizes and shapes, set in a plain of bluish white. The sun shone with unclouded splendour, lighting up each shaft and column with extraordinary combinations of light and shade, while sparkling gems of diamond and sapphire shot their rays from the countless pinnacles and grottos. The air trembled as it is seen to do with us on a very warm day, and the voices of the sailors were unusually loud, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. The deep blue of the sea, contrasting so finely with the pure whiteness of the miniature icebergs, the dazzling glitter that shot from each particle of ice, and the long shadows of the hummocks on their marble-like bases, relieving the somewhat monotonous uniformity, formed a picture the most glorious that could meet the eye.

About this time we experienced the most intense cold we ever felt during the voyage. We had a brisk gale from the north, under which we were scudding along at the rate of eight knots an hour. It was cold—so bitterly cold that the waves which dashed against the qow, and the light spray which flew over the fore-castle, when she dipped became encrusted on the sails, ropes, and sides of the vessel. The whole front of the hull and bulwarks was encased in a magnificent sheet of ice; while from the bowsprit, boom, ropes, &c., hung stalactites white as snow, some like im-

mense sea-horse tusks, and others diminishing in size until they appeared on the ropes as so many sharp spikes inserted into them. A dense fog for some time enveloped us, and when we emerged from it it was frozen so thickly on the sails and rigging that the ship appeared a floating iceberg. It was as if she had been lifted from a caldron of molten glass, whose particles had clung around every sail, yard, and rope, adorning them with the most beautiful incrustations, which sparkled and glittered in the bright sunshine.

Looking over the side of the vessel, about this time, we observed a glossy smoothness on the surface of the ocean, to which we drew the attention of the captain. "Pancakes!" was the curt reply. Pancakes, thought we; what does he mean? On examining it more minutely we discovered it to be the first indications of the sea freezing. This generally happens when the waters are smooth, a very common thing in those latitudes, supposed to be owing to the immense quantity of ice floating on its surface. At the same time we saw the frost-rime or barber, as it is facetiously called by the sailors, because it lodges in the hair and gives it the appearance of being powdered. It is caused by the wind lifting up very small particles of water, and these becoming congealed move along the surface like white smoke. Another phenomenon which attracted our attention was a shower of scales, which appeared, on examination, like feathers. These had been deposited on the rigging of the vessel during the night, and when they became too heavy, broke off and fell on the deck. It is supposed that this arises from the fact of the excess of moisture evaporated during the meridian heat being again precipitated. By this means, during the night, anything that is exposed to this snow-dew, as it may be called, becomes most beautifully decorated with a fringe of delicate crystals of a feathery shape.

This is not peculiar to those

cold regions alone, for in the famous salt mine of Wielitska the same curious phenomenon is to be seen far more beautifully developed than we have any account of from Greenland. There, on the ground, really grow "a perfect garden of delicate leaves and flowers of the most exquisite whiteness. Tall, fern-shaped feathers, like skeleton leaves, spring from the ground, and with petals and dancing sprays, graceful blossoms and nodding stamens, form beds of living and growing flowers. On looking at the walls, you see springing from them drooping garlands of long feathery leaves that, like nodding plumes, wave with every current of air that floats past. When put to the lips, the taste is so intensely salt that you know, intuitively, that this must be the purest and strongest mineral that nature can produce."

In the cabin the effects of the intense cold were also to be seen. Everything of a liquid kind was frozen—the ink in the bottle, the water in the basins, and even some ale which had been brought in a barrel. The sailors, notwithstanding their being well protected by abundance of warm clothing, and their hands encased in three pairs of "mittens," felt the severity of the cold so much that they kept below as much as possible. When their faces were long exposed to the north-east wind, blisters arose on the skin as if it had been burned, and no one dared to go to the "crow's-nest,"\* for nature could not have borne any continued exposure to such an atmosphere.

Yet though the cold was so very intense that one could kick away as ice, pittle and the breath of the sailors was deposited on the blankets as hoar-frost, it was by no means equal to what some have experienced while wintering in those regions. Ellis says that

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\* Crow's-nest, a watch-tower in the form of a barrel, entered from below and open at the top, placed on the main-topmast, or top-gallant masthead, for the use of the master or officer of the watch, whence the movements of whales or the appearance of the ice can be more clearly viewed.



during the course of the winter spent by him in Hudson's Bay in 1746-7, "beer-casks placed in the ground at the depth of several feet, froze almost solid, and some of them burst; many of the sailors had their faces, ears, and toes frozen; iron adhered to the fingers; glasses used in drinking stuck to the mouth, and sometimes removed the skin from the lips or tongue; and a sailor who inadvertently used his finger for stopping a spirit bottle in place of a cork, while removing it from the house to his tent, had his finger fast frozen in the bottle, in consequence of which part of it was obliged to be taken off to prevent mortification." Rocks, ice, joists, and rafters of buildings are said to burst with a noise like the firing of cannon, through the effects of the severe frost. But the most extraordinary account of all is that given by Egede, as experienced by him at Disco. He says, "The ice and hoar-frost reach through the chimney to the stove's mouth, without being thawed by the fire in the day-time. Over the chimney is an arch of frost with little holes through which the smoke discharges itself. The door and walls are plastered over with frost, and our beds are often frozen to the bedstead. The upper eider-down bed and pillows are quite stiff with frost an inch thick, from the breath. The flesh barrels must be hewn in pieces to get out the meat, and when it is thawed in snow-water and set over the fire, the outside is boiled enough before the inside can be pierced with a knife."

One great advantage of the cold to the Greenland sailor, is the preservation of fresh meat. Strapped to the mast, and shielded slightly from the sun and wet during the passage out, it becomes, on the arrival at Greenland, as hard as blocks of wood, and will keep for any length of time. When the voyage is short, some of it is brought back, and even then it is perfectly sweet and wholesome. When used it is sawn off, put into cold water, in which it soon thaws, and then

cooked. Were it cooked previous to doing this, the outside would be burned, while the centre would remain raw, or in a frozen state. The last day of fresh meat is generally a notable one among the officers, some of whom we have known to compose a lament on the subject.

After sailing in open water for a considerable time, we came to a large field of ice. Into this we insinuated the vessel, after a good deal of trouble, for scattered over it were innumerable black spots, said to be seals. No sooner was the vessel moored, than all was excitement, getting out seal clubs, flensing knives, &c., to do duty on the seals. Over the ice we spread ourselves in such a way as to intercept them from the water, but as they are so wary as always to lie close to the holes they have made in the ice for their escape, many of them suddenly disappeared when we were almost sure of our game. As the seals we were amongst had been for some time out of the water, and were, therefore, very unwilling to 'take it again,' we managed to kill more of them than we would otherwise have done. The young ones allowed themselves to be quietly clubbed, but some of the old seals 'showed fight,' and were with difficulty despatched. One old bladder-nose,\* in particular, eluding the blow aimed at his head, seized the club between his teeth, and dragged the man, who had fallen over the ice. Had not some of his comrades run to his assistance and killed the vicious animal, he would in all likelihood have been treated to a cold bath, for both seemed determined not to give in.

Running about from one part to another, some forty or fifty men soon made dreadful havoc among them. A smart blow with the club

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\* The *Bladder-nose* or *Hooded seal* is one that has the power of inflating its cheeks and lips near the nose, so as to form a shield or bladder around this, its most delicate organ. To pierce this bladder seal clubs are furnished with a sharp spike, for if struck by the flat part, it would bound off without doing harm.

on the nose—their tenderest part—immediately stunned them, and afforded the sailors an opportunity of running after those which were endeavouring to escape. It was murderous work, however, and at first we could hardly bring ourselves to do it, for the cries of the young seals as much resembled those of children, and their mild placid countenances looked up to us so entreatingly, that we could not feel in our heart to strike them, and “stayed the hand upraised to slay.” But in a short time, such is the power of example and force of custom, we got over this softness, peculiar to all new sealers, and were soon as active as any. For hours this continued, our party leaving a few behind to flensh those which were clubbed. Over the ice we went, increasing our distance from the vessel, our hands and bodies smeared with blood, so that we seemed more like fiends than men. At first all was conducted quietly, so as not to frighten the seals, but when the men became heated with their work and the seals began to take to the water, they rushed backwards and forwards, screaming and yelling, or roaring with laughter as some unluckily fellow tumbled, head over heels, into the water. Sometimes the seals, attracted by the noise, would stop, giving the sailors an opportunity of operating upon them with their clubs; and in this way a great number of young ones were killed, but the old, being much more wary, scuttled over the ice as quickly as they could.

And now came the most disagreeable part of the work—flensing the seals and dragging the skins and blubber to the vessel, or, when practicable, to the boats. Turning them on their backs, the flensing-knives were quickly inserted, and, by a dexterous movement, both skin and blubber were separated from the carcase, which was thrown away as useless. Tying a few of the former together, each man made his way over the ice, slowly and with great labour, for the snow was very deep, and it was by

no means a pleasant thing to slip ones foot and roll over in it. Besides this, we had to guard against the holes made by the seals, which being in many places thinly frozen over and covered with a layer of snow, looked like the rest of the field or floe, so that many fell through and got a thorough ducking. Lives have frequently been lost in this way, and to guard against such, each one carries a boat-hook across his body, held by the middle, so that, should he fall through, he may have a support on either side. When an accident like this happens, and the cold is intense, the unfortunate sailor must hurry to the vessel and change his clothes, else he would soon be a frozen mass, hardly able to move a limb.

The excitement, however, is greatest when there is a seal hunt on a grand scale with the rifle. This we had in perfection on an immense field of ice, shortly after we sighted our first seals. As we were the first on the ground, and many of the other vessels would soon be up, our captain hurried the boats off, that we might shoot a number of them before their arrival. With very great difficulty, and after nearly getting the boat smashed two or three times, we succeeded in landing, and passing the “rolling pack” which separated us from the firm ice on which the seals were. Hauling the boat on the ice, we lay down among the hummocks, and dealt death among them, for being tired with their journey, and unwilling to “take the water,” they gazed inquiringly at us and their companions, as the balls were doing their deadly work. Soon other vessels came up, and when the work was at its height, no fewer than twenty vessels lay outside, whose men to the number of nine hundred had completely surrounded the seals, and were picking them off with astonishing rapidity; no time was given to flensing, but pop, pop went the rifles incessantly, each as he received his death-shot uttering a shrill cry, and staining the pure



snow with his life's blood. As the circle in which the seals were enclosed grew smaller the excitement increased, and balls began to fly about us in too great proximity to be pleasant. As the shots took effect shouts were heard from the Scotch, grunts from the Germans, and yells from the Norwegians. Oaths, too, were heard in no measured terms when the aim was missed, or some old seal, more tenacious of life than the rest, required one more shot to "settle" him. And when all was over the rush to seize the dead carcasses was terrific. Clubbing together, each boat's crew would seize upon a body of seals which would be again attacked by that of another, and as words ran high blows would be exchanged, and blood of more than seals would stain the trodden snow. A set of wilder, blood-besprinkled fiends we never beheld. And yet the scene was not without its ludicrous aspects; for when some hundred men had collected in the centre of the circle where the greatest number of seals were, part of the ice gave way and precipitated the majority of them into the water. The laughter of those on the ice, and the screams and oaths of those who were floating about among the broken fragments, made up a picture the most hideous one could imagine.

Collecting as many of the flensed seals as we could, we made for the boat, and set out with an enormous load. But we had been too greedy, for when we came to the "rolling pack," we found, on account of its increased motion, that it would be impossible for us to make our way through it in safety, and so, with a very bad grace, we were compelled to leave nearly the half of them behind. Even after this, we, with great difficulty, made our way slowly through the pack, in danger every minute of being swamped by the pieces of ice that were dashing against each other; but after four hours' toilsome labour, we at length reached the ship in a thoroughly exhausted state, having been absent from her nearly twenty-four hours.

While this seal hunt was going on many accidents occurred—boats were smashed, guns burst, wounds received from stray shots, or careless shooting, and two Shetlanders and a Norwegian were found to be amissing, having been supposed to have been lost when the field gave way, or been crushed to death by the ice in the "rolling pack."

We were not always so fortunate as to come upon a large body of seals like the preceding, for we had often to pursue them over pieces of ice, leaping from one to another, often falling into the water, and many a time disappointed through their quickness in making their escape. Though they appear most helpless creatures on the ice, they can scuttle over it as quickly as a man can follow, and when in their native element they are very nimble and graceful in their movements, occasionally projecting their cat-like heads from the water, and blowing the light spray from their whiskers and noses. Their flippers, which are of so little use to them on the ice, are then to be seen moving with great velocity, and guiding the motions of the animal.

The tenacity of life of the seal is most extraordinary, and had we not really seen we would scarcely have believed it. When clubbed they are often in a state of insensibility, and the operation of flensing recalls the animals to their senses. We have seen them often snap at, and even bite the person flensing them; and Scoresby says that he has actually seen seals, when denuded of their skins, and layers of blubber an inch and a half thick, make for the water, and successfully attempt to swim. The sight must have been shocking, and, to their credit, be it said, that many of the sailors break their heads before they begin to flense them, but when there is a great number of them, and the time for flensing limited, they do not generally put themselves to this extra trouble.

We had bored our way some distance into a field of ice, and docked the vessel in a place of

safety. This was done by sawing into the field, the ice being fully five feet in thickness. After the vessel was securely moored, almost all the crew took to the ice in pursuit of seals. Far as the eye could reach they were to be seen waddling about on the ice, or basking in the sunshine; and we were congratulating ourselves on being a "bumper-ship" in a few days. In the distance were to be seen other vessels threading their way towards us, and by mid-day there were no fewer than six moored not far from us. The work of death proceeded with the utmost alacrity, and we had been the most of the day among the seals, when one of those sudden storms, so common at that season of the year, burst upon us with fearful fury, and we instantly called all hands on board. Leaving many dead seals on the ice, the crew made for the vessel, and was not by any means too soon. The wind had risen to a gale, and the large field seemed to undulate as if the water underneath was unusually agitated. Suddenly was heard a loud, hideous, wandering crash, like an irregular discharge of many cannon, and the field was rent into hundreds of pieces, the blue-green waters streaking the immense expanse of whiteness like so many veins. The dock in which we were remained for the time entire, but soon the ice, driving past it at the rate of two and a half knots, became jammed, and turned on it with full force. In a few seconds the sides of the dock were broken in, and bent down below the masses of ice that pressed in upon them, so as to raise the vessel's bow seventeen inches. Gradually, however, the pressure began to diminish, and the ice floated in large pieces, whose edges were turned up into hummocks, which in some places were six or eight folds in thickness. Down came the masses, crashing and thundering against each other, striking the sides of the vessel with such violence as almost to throw you on the deck, and making

her veer to every point of the compass. The wild commotion was awful, and must have been a sublime sight to have witnessed from a place of safety; but now the mighty strife of ice and water, and the huge crags tossing in every direction, whirling our tiny vessel like a shuttlecock, and threatening, every second, to bury her in the ruin, left us little time to view the scene. Through the pack we were driven, as through the veins of an island of the purest marble, shattered into ten thousand fragments, which, wreathed in surge, and roaring against the blast, rolled and bounded amidst a tempestuous sea.

Thus far all had proceeded favourably, but darkness, intense darkness, came to add to the horror of the scene. As it began to descend upon us, we experienced a feeling of anxiety—a strain upon the nerves such as we had never felt before. Perhaps in the gloom a large berg might float down upon us and in a few seconds hurl us into eternity; or two huge masses of ice "nip" the vessel, and into the engulfing waters would she disappear, leaving no trace behind to tell of the mighty tragedy that had been enacted there. We can easily believe, after the horrors of that night, that the hair of some have grown grey, and their faces become prematurely aged, when death seemed so often to lay his cold, clammy hand upon them.

Three times during the night did we take to the ice, expecting the vessel to be "nipped," but fortunately the floes separated, and we mounted her again to do battle with the elements. Around us on every side was ice, amongst which we were afraid to move, and so we did little but wait the result. Everyone was quieter than another, and no voices were heard unless the necessary orders from the officers. We all felt that it was a time better adapted for thinking than for speaking, and so each went about his accustomed duties calmly and solemnly. This had continued for some time, when



there appeared from out the intense darkness a something white bearing down upon us. All eyes became fixed upon it, and you could have believed that the whole of the crew had been turned to stone. Everyone gazed upon the enormous mass that crunched and drove everything before it, feeling, during these few moments, the bitterness of death. Onwards, still onwards did it come, closer and still closer did it creep, looming over us as if threatening our complete destruction. But as if a kind Providence had interfered in our behalf, when almost at the bow of the vessel, it wheeled round to one side, and passed without doing us any harm further than a severe pressure from the surrounding ice, which lifted us some inches out of the water. Oh, what a sigh of relief did we give when we saw it clear of the vessel, when it rolled away, scattering, in its course, the minor fragments. These few moments of intense anguish—of bitter tasting of death—we can never, never forget.

But though we had been able to weather out the storm without any serious damage, it was very different with many of the other ships that were in sight. Those had sustained such severe pressure from the ice, that they became so leaky that they had to return home to refit. One at a little distance from us had the ice squeezed down in many layers below her, and piled up against her sides, so that she was raised fully six feet forward, and lay a helpless mass upon the ice. The "Unicorn" and "Puma," which had been in the same dock, were driven from it shortly after the beginning of the storm, and as the crews expected the vessels to be squeezed every minute, all their boats and baggage had been placed on the ice. Towards evening the ice began to close around the hole of water in which they were, and they endeavoured to make their way out of it as quickly as possible. In this the "Unicorn" succeeded; but the "Puma," in endeavouring to follow,

was caught by the ice and crushed to atoms. The "Unicorn" now drifted to the north in a lane of water, till she came close to a berg, when the ice began to press in upon her. In a few seconds she was seen to stagger and twist, her mizen-mast fall over the weather side, her foremast next and then her mainmast. As if some mighty power had been exerted underneath her, she suddenly turned keel up, rolled over to the weather side, and disappeared. As she sank her ribs were seen to start through her sides, the blubber to spout from the casks, the flour to puff into the air, and the cheeses, thrown from the becketts, to dance over the ice. In two or three seconds not a vestige of her was to be seen, save her crew, with their boats and baggage, who had barely time to leap upon the ice. These and the crew of the "Puma" were picked up and distributed among the other vessels.

Day at last broke, but did not much improve our position, for we found we were fairly beset, and would be compelled to drift with the pack until a change of wind would again open it. This was the more tantalising, as we knew we were being drifted from the sealing-ground, and would perhaps never have an opportunity of reaching it. But there was no help for it, for move we could not, and as the wind fell, and the fragments, borne quietly to the ship's sides, became frozen to each other, we knew we were beset, but felt, at the same time, that our vessel and our lives were safe.

With this pack we floated about for weeks, not getting a single seal. At last, when we were heartily tired of it, a strong breeze arose, the pack began to open, and instantly all was hurry on board. Every stitch of canvass was set, and as opening after opening was made in the ice, we pressed forward to the clear water, which we knew to be in the distance.

On our way we met a number of the other sealers, and found that almost all of them had been as unfortunate as ourselves. Some

had been compelled to leave large quantities of dead seals on the ice, and all agreed in thinking our chances of future success very small. They seemed to consider that this year would have been the most generally successful of any, had not the storm come on when they were among the seals. As it was, many of them had thirty or forty tons of oil, which would at least pay the voyage. In former years, however, some had been so successful that, in as short a time as we had been at the sealing-

ground, they had returned "bumper ships." The most remarkable instances of this, we remember, were the "Undaunted," of Peterhead, which returned on the 30th April, 1855, with 150 tons and the steamship "Innuvit," which entered Peterhead harbour on the 28th April, 1858, with 155½ tons, after the remarkably short voyage of six weeks. Both these vessels went to the whale-fishing after they had discharged their cargoes, but with very indifferent success.

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